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Mirror.

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SATURDAY APRIL 2, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

"MIRROR"
WAS RIGHT.

Forecast Estab-
lished by the Returns
of the National
Revenue.

It is the motto of the *Mirror* only to
prophecy when we "know" beforehand. Five
weeks ago we knew that Mr. Austen Cham-
berlain would, in the preparation of his first
Budget, be confronted with a deficit variously
stated at £6,000,000 to £9,000,000. We told
our readers so, and we were right.

Yesterday the whole Press of the country
vindicated our prediction on the authority
of the returns of the national revenue for the
year ending March 31. We had attributed
the deficit to a drop in these returns, and
arrived at our conclusion by a comparison
between the probable expenditure and the
actual revenue. By this calculation the fol-
lowing figures confirm the accuracy of our
forecast:—

Probable Expenditure	£149,442,000
Actual Revenue	£141,545,000

LENT TO THE TRANSVAAL.

Reckoning on the probability of the sum of
£3,000,000 which was lent to the Transvaal last
year being now repaid, to meet this deficit in
part, there still remains a sum of £3,897,000
which Mr. Austen Chamberlain will have to
get in some way.

It is all owing to the miscalculation of Mr.
Ritchie, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer.
The revenue has dropped no less than
£2,724,000 below Mr. Ritchie's estimate, and
now Mr. Austen Chamberlain is left to face
the music, Mr. Ritchie having the doubtful
credit of calling the tune.

How is this deficit to be met? That is the
question with the people who must bear all
such burdens one way or another. As we
predicted five weeks ago, the income-tax
payer is certain to be applied to for at least
another penny in the pound.

This is a very cheerless outlook in view of
the widespread impression that the income-
tax is proving remarkably hard to bear in
these times. Only a year ago this tax was
reduced by threepence in the wake of the
Boer war, and that it should be again in-
creased to a shilling—or perhaps higher—is,
to say the least, disappointing to those whose
incomes involve the privilege of paying it.

GOVERNMENT'S DEATH-KNELL.

It is also freely believed that the Chan-
cellor of the Exchequer will restore the corn
duty as another means of raising money.

"It will be the death-knell of this extra-
ordinary Government," said one of its sup-
porters yesterday. "I am sorry for Mr.
Austen Chamberlain, whose lot it is to steer
the ship of State through such financial
trouble; and I very much fear lest his first
Budget may prove his last for a considerable
time, and through no fault of his own."

"Of course, it would be too much to expect
that the country should tolerate an increase in
the income-tax and a restoration of the corn
duty solely on the chivalrous ground that Mr.
Chamberlain was not to blame. The old cry
of 'measures not men' is as true to-day as it
was always be."

"As to the part Mr. Ritchie has played in the
matter—well, he blundered as many another
onest man has done before him, and no doubt
he will have a good many reminders of this
from time to time in the House, in the Press,
and at Croydon."

LA BELLE TORTAJADA, QUEEN OF DANCERS, IS DEAD.



Universal regret will be felt at the sudden death, from apoplexy, of La Senora Consuelo Tortajada, which took place at the
Klosterthor Railway Station, Hamburg, on Thursday, just as she had booked for Copenhagen. La Tortajada was a peerless
dancer, as beautiful as she was fascinating. All Europe and America rang with her praises. Her triumphs at the Alhambra
will be long remembered. St. James's Hall holds the honour of being the scene of her first performance on any stage.
[Drawn from a photo] London La Belle Tortajada usually lived above a little shop in Macclesfield-street. [By a "Mirror" artist.]

TIBET FIGHTING

Graphic Account of the
Great Battle.

BRILLIANT BRITISH VICTORY

Tibetans Lose 700 Killed
and Wounded.

HOW THE FIGHT BEGAN.

Enemy Fight Desperately and
Lose Their General.

Fierce fighting has taken place in Tibet, Reuter's special correspondent wires under date of March 31 from Lhasa.

The British resolve to oppose the Tibetan mission resulted in two engagements, in which the enemy suffered severely.

The mission, with the flying column under General Macdonald, moved out from Lhasa at eight o'clock this morning. Snow had fallen during the night, and all the plain and the surrounding mountains were covered with a dazzling mantle of white.

After a halt and an hour's march a messenger came in from the Tibetan camp asking the column to withdraw. We were then near the hot springs.

BRITISH FORBEARANCE.

Shortly afterwards the Depon Lhasa General himself came out with a quiet retinue and had an interview with Colonel Younghusband. He asked that the mission should retire to Yatung, where negotiations could take place. Colonel Younghusband replied that negotiations were now impossible. We had been negotiating with Tibet for fifteen years, and Colonel Younghusband himself had spent eight fruitless months in attempting to meet responsible persons from Lhasa. The mission was now going to Gyantse, but the British had no wish to fight. The Depon would, therefore, be acting for the best if he ordered his soldiers now blocking our path to retire.

The Depon was visibly disconcerted at this reply. He said he did not wish to fight either, and he would order his soldiers not to fire on us, but if we went on there might be trouble. The Depon then rode off with his retinue.

TIBETANS OUTFLANKED.

Colonel Younghusband accordingly asked General Macdonald to move the Tibetan soldiers, who were lining the Sangars and filled the blockhouse in front, out of the way, without firing, if possible. Our troops then deployed, altogether outflanking the Tibetan position, which was partly on a bare ridge overhanging the road, and partly on the road across which they had built a wall. The Tibetans on the top of the ridge retired to the cover of the wall below, but the remainder held their ground.

The two forces were now actually face to face on opposite sides of the wall.

In the meanwhile the right and left flanks of our deployment had closed round the wall so effectually that the Tibetans, numbering about fifteen hundred, were within the circle of the Indian troops. The whole operation had been so quietly and systematically managed that it might be compared to the herding of sheep.

STONE-THROWING LEADS TO CARNAGE.

The members of the mission, the Press correspondents, and the general staff rode up to inspect the capture, and were all laughing and talking, suspecting nothing of what was to follow. It was observed by many, however, that, although the Tibetans had allowed themselves to be easily surrounded, they were in a sullen, dangerous mood.

Presently they began to hustle some Sikhs. The latter replied with the butt ends of their rifles. A gigantic Tibetan then threw a stone, and another fired a pistol, blowing away a Sikh's jaw. At the sound of the report all the Tibetans drew their weapons and rushed at the troops.

A FIERCE MELEE.

The two forces were at such close quarters that the officers emptied their revolvers into the surging mass, and the Sikhs opened a heavy fire. The Tibetans found themselves unable to climb the wall which they themselves had built, but finally about half of them were able to break away to the rear, when they came under the fire of the Gurkhas and mountain guns.

Of the 1,500 only half escaped death or wounds. Among the dead we found the body of the Depon Lhasa General.

It was evident from the way they fought that their defeat was due chiefly to the inferiority of their weapons, and not to want of courage. Some came on with eight or nine bullet wounds in their bodies.

The scene after the action recalled a shambles. A dead lay heaped up on the top of each other in a dead wall, and there was a long trail of killed

and wounded stretching away from the wall to the rear.

After a short halt the troops moved on to Guru. As they passed the Tibetan Camp the force was broken up, and another action took place, in which the British played the larger part. The Tibetans finally fled over the hills in long black strings, through fifty or sixty obstinately held the village, which was finally taken very gallantly by the Mounted Infantry and 8th Gurkhas, the latter making a splendid rush with the bayonet. The majority of the troops returned to Lhasa in the evening after a very long day's work.

BRITISH LOSS.

The British casualties amount to ten or twelve, including Major Dundon (wounded in the hand) and Mr. Chandler, the "Daily Mail" correspondent (wounded in both hands and in the head).

RUSSIAN ARMS.

The report of the "Times" correspondent mentions as a significant fact that three of the escort of the Tibetan general were armed with rifles bearing the Russian Imperial stamp. Russian ammunition was also found.

RUSSIA'S COUNTER MOVE.

The "National Zeitung" expresses surprise at what it describes as the optimism existing in London with regard to the Tibet expedition. It considers that even if the British reach Gyantse the Russians will promptly make a counter-move, which might provoke dangerous complications. Nevertheless, the "National Zeitung" is of opinion that the British would recall Colonel Younghusband at the very gates of Lhasa rather than incur serious trouble at this juncture.

RUSSIAN RETREAT.

THEIR CAVALRY SAID TO BE IN
TERRIBLE STRAITS.

Yesterday, from Tokio, the following message was sent by Reuter:

Reports from a private source state that the Japanese, after dislodging the enemy at Chongin on the 28th, rested for one day. On the following day they advanced to Yong-chon, and after a brief engagement drove the Russians further north. The Russians retreated towards Ussuri.

The Russian cavalry is retiring on Wiju in a distressed condition, says Reuter. They are cutting down the telegraph poles for fuel. Their horses are dying for lack of proper food.

From Liao-yung the following telegram is issued by Reuter:

In the first encounter with the Japanese in Northern Korea, which was crowned with victory for the Russian arms, the enemy's losses were ten times those of the Russian troops.

According to Korean reports the Japanese buried some fifty dead, while 120 wounded were removed with the help of 500 Koreans, to the quarters of the Japanese main force. The confusion of the Japanese was so great that they hoisted two Red Cross flags in token of surrender. Throughout their war with China the Japanese never showed themselves so distracted.

The troops here are in high spirits over the news of this first brilliant fight in Korea.

The Japanese are reported to have occupied Haju, a sea port south-west of An-jung. Sixteen British and American correspondents left Tokio yesterday in a Japanese transport. They are bound for the front, but their immediate destination (says Reuter) is unknown.

Correspondents with the Russian forces will leave for Manchuria on the 15th inst.

MAULED BY TIGERS.

Wild Beast Tamer's Terrible Experience in Paris.

There have been terrible scenes (telegraphs our Paris correspondent) at Bostock's Hippodrome, when a troupe of infuriated Bengal tigers badly mauled and nearly killed their tamer, an Englishman named Charles Miller.

The animals were to have appeared for the first time at the night performance, and Miller decided about seven o'clock to rehearse the programme of tricks which they were to go through.

Very few persons were about the building, except the ordinary attendants and one or two of Miller's assistants. Before he entered the cage the animals appeared to be in a highly nervous condition, but this was believed to be due to the weather, and Miller boldly entered, as was his usual custom.

No sooner had he set foot in the cage, however, than all the animals simultaneously commenced to snarl and show their teeth.

The tamer struck at the foremost tiger with his whip, but this so enraged the already excited beasts that one of them—an exceptionally vicious animal—sprang at Miller and knocked him to the floor.

In a flash all the other tigers sprang upon the prostrate man, and a fearful scene ensued. Tearing and biting at him, all the time uttering the most terrible growls, the ferocious animals would speedily have torn the helpless tamer to pieces but for the timely intervention of his comrades.

Miller's injuries are so serious that the doctors are doubtful whether he will recover.

ANOTHER CHINESE LABOUR QUESTION.

Samos, in the Western Pacific, has its labour question, which, according to Mr. Vice-Consul Trood, is of more importance than any other. Imported labour is an absolute necessity.

A few months since nearly three hundred Chinese coolies were brought from Swatow. They cost the planter £2 10s. per month, this sum including board and their passage-money to and from China. So far, they appear to have given satisfaction. On some of the plantations the Chinese work on Sunday.

H.M. battleship Royal Oak has picked up five of the crew of the Greek vessel Polignia, who were supposed to have been lost off Wicklow, and landed them in the Clyde two hours before the Polignia arrived there.

MODERN ALADDIN.

LUCKY NEWSBOY WILL SPEAK HIS
£10,000 ON THE CONTINENT.

"Spiv," the modern Titmouse, otherwise Henry Bagster, of London—last definite address, Pentonville—comes into his fortune of £10,000 on Monday. It will be a great Easter Monday for him and for his "pals," if they can find him.

Samuel Warren, in "£10,000 a Year," delineated a wonderful romance of a penniless young man elevated to undreamed-of wealth, and real life, with its customary dramatic effect, gives us, in fact, an even more astonishing story.

Famous Through "Mirror."

This story, which was first told in the *Mirror* of Thursday, has made a much-talked-of personage of "Spiv." He called at the *Mirror* office yesterday, where he was sketched by a *Mirror* artist, and, in the space of a chat, communicated in a bored way of the many demands which were made on his time by would-be interviewers since the story of his romantic good fortune was published.

"Everyone wants to talk to me," he complained, "asking me all kinds of questions."

There is no doubt about "Spiv's" good fortune. To those who question him on the matter, he shows a letter he received while he was in Pentonville. It is from his solicitors, Messrs. Stuckey, Son, and Poole, of Brighton, asking their client, Mr. Henry Bagster ("Spiv"), to inform them of his wishes as to his house property.

"When will you draw the money?" he was asked.

A Bit on Account.

"Well, yer see," he replied, "I come of age on Sunday, and if it wasn't Easter time I could begin to draw my money on Monday, but being Easter Monday, my solicitors won't be at work."

"Spiv" has got a great quarrel with the police. "I can't show my nose round Victoria Station," he remarked. "The police chivy me all over the place."

"What's that for?" he was asked.

"Don't know," he mused. "Silliness, I suppose. They've always been after me, and I've only just come out of Pentonville, where they shovelled me for six months."

Impressed by Silliness.

"What did they give you six months for?"

"Silliness, just silliness," he replied.

"Spiv" had seven shillings and sixpence yesterday. To a man of fortune such as he is this was a paltry sum. "That won't last long," he declared.

"Won't it last two days?" he was asked.

"I'll live steadily it will. If I don't it won't," he tersely replied.

Then he proceeded to explain.

"You see, seven-and-six won't last five minutes if I'm on a spree."

Will Travel Abroad.

But there was a kind of an assurance in his manner that he intended to live steadily, and he is full of prudent resolves in regard to his fortune.

His first intention is to get away from his old haunts, and invest his money so as to bring him in a weekly income.

"I don't think I'll go to France," he declared. "I don't like French, but lots of people get along all right there that don't know the lingo. Then I'll come back when the thing's blown over."

He won't go to Oxford or Cambridge. "They wouldn't take me there," he said, with a rather pathetic air of self-contempt.

ROPED TOGETHER IN DEATH.

Two Young Men Mysteriously Drowned
in a Tank.

No satisfactory explanation is yet forthcoming to account for a sensational discovery which has been made at Stetchworth, near Newark.

On Thursday morning a report spread through the village that John Norton, the local letter carrier, a young man aged nineteen, was missing. Inquiries at his lodgings revealed the fact that not only he but a friend named Lewis Wallis, who was employed as engine-driver at the village waterworks, had not been to their lodgings since the previous day.

It was ascertained that about ten o'clock on Wednesday night one of the villagers saw them going towards the waterworks. A policeman proceeded to the waterworks, but it was not till he had climbed a 10ft. ladder and gained access to the tank-room by means of a trap-door that his search was rewarded. Floating in the tank, which contained about 10,000 gallons of water, he saw the bodies of two men. On closer inspection, they proved to be those of the missing men, and the extraordinary discovery was made that the bodies were bound together with waggon-rope.

The only way in which it would appear possible for the men to have bound themselves together in the way in which they were found—taking for granted that they had agreed to commit suicide—would have been for them to sit on the side of the tank and deliberately wind the rope round their bodies, one subsequently fastening it.

But as far as is known to their friends neither of the men had any reason for taking his life. An inquest will be opened to-day.

BURNED BY MOLTEN LEAD.

Through the capsizing of a ladle containing about half a ton of molten lead at Stewart's foundry, Glasgow, the contents were spilled over a man named John Winter, inflicting injuries which proved fatal yesterday.

A scaffolding above the ladle, on which two men were standing, caught fire, and one, James Anderson, died almost immediately from burns. The other man, Patrick Greer, is in a critical condition, and a boy named Patrick Cassidy also received serious injuries.

Many of the Italian papers have been full of statements regarding a supposed plot against the life of the Pope. Yesterday, Reuter says, they had to admit that they had been the victims of an April hoax.

SUNK SUB.

Has the Salvage Work
Mismanaged?

DISQUIETING THEORIES.

After fourteen days the bodies of the eleven men constituting the crew of the ill-fated submarine A1 still rest in their grey steel coffin forty-two feet deep in the Solent. The people's mouth are beginning to ask why such a thing has been allowed.

A naval officer, talking to a *Mirror* representative at Portsmouth last night, said that what is rapidly becoming the dominant opinion of the public is that the bodies were not taken out at once.

"Why," he said, "they did not take the bodies out at once, but they got her in and out of the water. Why did they not get the bodies out? Why did they not get her in and out of the water?"

Tides Defeat Divers.

The *Mirror* representative could get no satisfactory answer to the question. The only one forthcoming at all was that the boat was expected to come up in a week ago. But the weather and the tides conspired together to defeat all the divers.

"The tide is too strong; I can't keep it," said the diver the last time he went down. It appeared that over the side of the diving boat with his electric lamp, his hammer, and other tools, and in less than five minutes there were some big bubbles on the surface of the water and his unguany headpiece pushed itself up through the heavy sea.

"When?" asked the *Mirror* representative, from his boat a few yards away; "how long?"

The man shook himself in his heavy, streaming clothes. "Ah," he said in his deliberate Swedish way, "I cannot tell you." He looked upwards towards the heavens. "He commands the winds and tides; he knows."

The man had done all in his power. The naval divers are watching his work and know the perilous risks he runs. He has been forced to slide down his rope into the depths twenty or thirty yards away from where the A1 lies. The rushing tide carries him away like a feather before the wind until it flings him against the submarine. Few men would face such risks.

Neglected Corpses.

But with all the diver's labours and courage it is impossible to tell when those eleven dead bodies will find their last resting place in the quiet sleeping-ground of the cemetery near by. And the people of Portsmouth think that this should have been the first charge of the authorities—not the raising of the boat, but the removal of the bodies.

It is too late now, of course, and the work of bringing in the grey coffin intact must be carried out. It may, and it is hoped that it will, be next week that the A1 will be heaved in the carefully screened off dock prepared for her, or it may be a week. The remorseless currents which sweep into the harbour are making the task of the divers more difficult by gradually building up a wall of sand against the sides of this 100-feet steel tomb.

When Did Death Come?

If success be achieved finally and the boat with her sad human freight brought to shore an answer will be forthcoming to another question which has been asked in Portsmouth. Did the crew perish immediately or was their death a slow, horrible lingering in hope for some hours. It is to be hoped that death came speedily, but there are many who shake their heads.

"As soon as water came in," said one who knows the A1 well, "the chief artificer would immediately open an air valve. If so the air compression would be great enough to keep out the water for some hours."

But nothing can be known definitely until an expert investigation has been made. All the rest is mere conjecture and speculation.

Seamen's Nerves.

The disaster, the *Mirror* representative was informed further, has had its results already. A day or two after the accident the volunteer crew of one of the smaller submarines was ordered out. The report goes that a member of the crew sought a prominent naval official and informed him that the disaster to A1 had temporarily affected his nerves.

"I should like, sir," the man said, "to be excused from going out to-day."

The naval official looked at the man sternly. "If your nerves are so affected in time of peace they would be worse in time of war, and you would be of no use to your country." The man, it is stated, has since left the service.

But Navy men generally do not look upon the calamity in the light of anything more than a painful lesson.

"I have every confidence in the boat," said one who will go down in her again when, or if, she is repaired. "It can have been nothing more than an accident, and A1 is as safe to be aboard as any battleship."

GRAVE MILITARY SCANDALS.

Many mysterious court-martials of German officers have taken place at Magdeburg during the last few days. In no less than seven cases the trials were held with closed doors. In connection with these trials is the sudden disappearance of Lieutenant Walther Teffer, whose residence, with contents, was immediately sealed by order of the Commander of his regiment. Teffer, who had carried on intimate relations with the wife of a fellow officer, was mixed up in a number of law suits, many of which are of a most delicate nature. In another case nearly every officer stationed in Magdeburg and a number of ladies of the highest society appeared as witnesses.

KING EDWARD IN COPENHAGEN.

King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the Princess Charles attended Divine Service in the English church at Copenhagen yesterday.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week end is: Gusty winds and changing conditions; fine to unsettled to-day, rain on Sunday, but later in the milder. Lighting-up time, 7.33. Sunday, 7.35. Sea passages will continue rough generally. Very heavy weather over the Atlantic.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Identifies the King and Queen yesterday attended Divine Service in the English Church at Copenhagen.—(Page 2.)

Further details have been received of the fighting in Tibet. The force under General Macdonald was attacked by some 1,500 Tibetans, one half of whom escaped death or wounds. A second fight at Gauru ended in our troops making a bayonet charge.—(Page 2.)

Reports from a private source at Tokio state that the Japanese, after destroying the garrisons at Chongju, afterwards advanced to Yung Chong, and, after a brief engagement, drove the Russians further north, towards Unsan. It is said the Russian cavalry is retreating in a distressed condition.—(Page 2.)

So far, the mystery respecting the death of two young men, found bound together and drowned in a tank at Stetchworth, near Newmarket, remains unsolved. The theory of suicide is discredited by friends. The inquest will be opened to-day.—(Page 2.)

The forecast respecting the Budget deficit in the Daily Illustrated Mirror some weeks back is now fully established by the National Revenue Returns.—(Page 1.)

Success has not yet attended efforts made at refloating the sunken submarine.—(Page 2.)

While walking on Tooting Common Miss F. Royle, a young governess, was shot at by a revolver lover, who succeeded in making good his shot. Miss Royle, who was seriously injured, was last evening reported to be out of danger.—(Page 6.)

Attacked by infuriated Bengal tigers at Bostock's Hippodrome, Paris, a trainer named Mill narrowly escaped with his life.—(Page 2.)

Summonses have been granted by the Marlborough-street magistrate against the Empire and the Alhambra for producing what are alleged to be stage plays.—(Page 6.)

June is now spoken of as a suitable month for the suggested battle of flowers on the Thames Embankment. The scheme is already meeting with marked approval.—(Page 11.)

The manner in which Londoners spent Good Friday is fully described.—(Page 5.)

There is no lack of attractions this Easter tide in London. A special article contains suggestions as to how the holiday can be spent without leaving town.—(Page 5.)

Samoa, in the Western Pacific, has its Chinese labour question. Three hundred coolies brought from Swatow are each paid £2 10s. a month, this sum including board and lodging.—(Page 2.)

Taking the flight of a bird as his guide, Mr. H. Basten, a Clapham Park resident, has completed a model flying machine. He claims that one full-sized, and built on the same plan, could travel through space at 150 miles an hour.—(Page 11.)

Up to a late hour last evening no news had come to hand concerning the lost Paddington lady book-keeper.—(Page 6.)

La Tortajada, the Spanish dancer, who some time since charmed London audiences, has died from apoplexy in Hamburg.—(Page 4.)

For "Wasteful Britons," and the heavy deficit that has to be met in the forthcoming Budget, see special article.—(Page 7.)

Sir G. T. Carter, Governor, includes in an official report on the Bahama Islands pictures illustrating typical scenes in the Colony. He thinks the innovation will add to the popularity of such documents.—(Page 11.)

The text of the Alien Immigration Bill has now been issued.—(Page 6.)

Two men have been burned to death in a molten lead accident at Glasgow. A third, together with a boy, is in a critical condition.—(Page 2.)

Members of the Hornsey Education Committee have decided teachers shall give special lessons in the boys' department dealing with the evils of cigarette smoking.—(Page 6.)

As a memorial to the names of Old Boys who fought in South Africa, a brass tablet has been erected in the hall of Alleyns' School, Dulwich.—(Page 15.)

Tottenham Hotspur, on the home ground, beat Southampton in the Southern League by 2-1. There were 21,000 people present.—(Page 14.)

Grand Deacon won the Northamptonshire Stakes on an objection to Jupiter Pluvius, who, while finishing first, passed the wrong side of the post.—(Page 14.)

Riding Traitors in the race for the Kelmahsh Plate at Northampton F. Hardy collided with a post and fractured his thigh. He was last evening reported to be making satisfactory progress towards recovery.—(Page 14.)

On the Stock Exchange the tone was satisfactory. Consols remained at the advanced level and the Irish Loan rose to 110 premium. Preferred securities were in demand in the Home Railway section. Americans were quiet and Canadians steady. The Kafir market improved. In Miscellaneous stocks gas shares were better.—(Page 15.)

To-day's Arrangements.

Production of "Sunday" at the Comedy Theatre.
Racing: Plumpton; Rifle Brigade Point to Point Steeplechases; Chawton, near Alton, Hants.
Hockey: At Folkestone, Southborough v. Folkestone; at Watford, West Herts v. West Herts.
Lacrosse: At Lord's, Middlesex II. v. Gloucestershire.
Cricket: Open tournament at Folkestone.

JUST BEFORE TURN.

After Exploring the Unknown Antarctic Regions.

The Discovery, which under Captain R. F. Scott, R.N., left the Thames for the Antarctic in August, 1901, and sailed south from Port Chalmers in December, 1901, has arrived at Lyttelton, New Zealand, on her return journey. She is accompanied by the Morning and Terra Nova, which went on a relief expedition to her last year.

The two relief ships (says Reuters) reached the Discovery on February 14. There was great excitement and exultation amongst the companies of



CAPTAIN SCOTT, the commander of the oaken vessel Discovery, who is making fame for himself, his crew, and his ship by their Antarctic expedition.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

the three ships when they sighted each other, and the relieving parties heard with rejoicing that all were well on board the long-absent Discovery.

The explorers had been busily occupied with their scientific work all through the winter of 1903, and spring found all in excellent health and spirits. They established the fact that the interior of Victoria Land continues at a height of 9,000ft., and is evidently a vast continental plateau. A new route

GOOD FRIDAY SERVICES AT ST. PAUL'S.



Throughout yesterday many thousands of worshippers passed in and out of St. Paul's Cathedral, where there was a succession of services. From all the Metropolitan suburbs the people came to worship in the national sanctuary.

[Sketches by a "Mirror" artist.]

to the west was found, and a depot was established 2,000ft. up the glacier.

Captain Scott and his intrepid comrades have penetrated further south by 200 miles than anyone has ever succeeded in doing. The perils and privations which they have endured during their enterprise will ensure for them a royal welcome when their gallant ship again anchors in the Thames.

The latitude to which the explorers, after leaving the Discovery in her winter quarters, penetrated by sledge is 82deg. 17min., whence they saw solid land once more at 83deg. 20min.

hoped for. Gallantly have the explorers done their work. No hardships have appalled them, no difficulties have proved insurmountable to their dogged perseverance.

For eighteen months after her departure from Port Chalmers the Discovery was alone in the southern seas, and no news of her had reached England.

Anticipations of the hardships and privations which her gallant crew were suffering were rife, and all England waited eagerly for news from the relief ship Morning, which reached the Discovery on January 23, 1903. Her arrival, as has been told

BIRD CUSTOM OF A QUAIN WILL.



From a gravestone in St. Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield, yesterday twenty-one shillings were distributed to twenty-one widows, who afterwards received each a half-crown, a bun, and a shawl. Such were the odd conditions in the will of the lady who left the money.

[Sketches by a "Mirror" artist.]

The objects of the expedition of the Discovery, it will be recalled, were to study the nature of Ross's great ice barriers; if possible to discover land to the eastward; to secure various scientific results during the voyage and in winter quarters; and from winter quarters to explore the volcanic region and make discoveries to the south, and inland to the west.

Thoroughly and completely have these objects been fulfilled, and the enterprise has succeeded to an even greater degree than could have been

by the officers and men of the Discovery, who returned to England with the Morning, was most opportune, and put fresh life and heart into the undaunted explorers. Their principal sufferings were from lack of coal and oil, but in face of this and their other hardships they stuck to their enterprise. How successful the results are cannot be



"SPIV," THE LUCKY NEWSBOY.

who comes into the possession of £10,000, some house, and furniture on the 3rd inst. He called at the "Mirror" office yesterday and sat for his portrait.

[Sketches by a "Mirror" artist.]

fully known until the return of the Discovery to England.

That this country will suitably recognise the service the gallant leaders of the expedition have done to science cannot be doubted, and there is no doubt of the glorious welcome which awaits them after one of the most successful and brilliant achievements that have ever marked geographical enterprise.



THE DISCOVERY

is the hardest ship that ever sailed from the port of Dundee, where she was built. There is not an ounce of iron in her hull, which is entirely constructed of oak. When the story of the Antarctic expedition is told, it will be found that the Discovery has justified her name.

[Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.]

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

There are 8,424,165 members of friendly societies in Great Britain and Ireland.

Battersea Borough Council have presented a petition to Parliament asking for an Old Age Pensions Bill to be passed.

To-day is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birthday of "General" Booth, of the Salvation Army.

Large numbers of Mormons with their families are crossing the American border into the Canadian North-West.

Bubonic plague is officially declared to exist at Lima. In the lazaretto there are about forty persons, the cases being principally among the lower

Letters from Samoa sent via San Francisco now reach London in twenty-eight days.

Early yesterday morning the premises of the Louth Wall Paper Staining Company at Louth, Lincolnshire, were destroyed by fire.

Colonel Burrows, R.F.A., has been appointed to command the troops at Bulford, Salisbury Plain, from yesterday.

It is reported from Pilsen that King Edward intends to visit Marienbad in June for a lengthy period.

As a result of difficulties arising out of a recent expedition of British and German missionaries into the interior of Tripoli the Governor has issued

Artillery gun practice on Salisbury Plain opened yesterday, the camp having been formed at Lark Hill, a short distance from Stonehenge.

The late Mr. Frederick Gordon has left the sum of £50 towards the funds of the United Kingdom Beneficent Association.

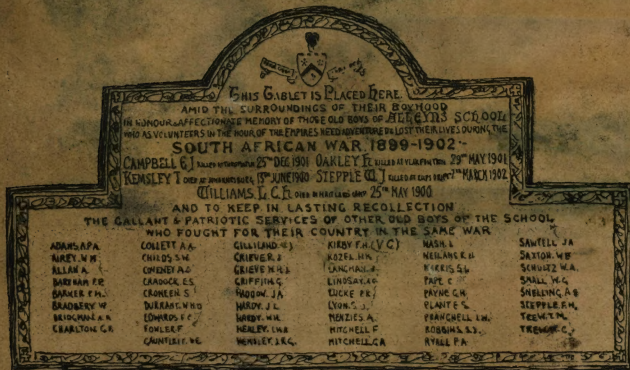
Twenty years ago Messrs. Walls and Co., Ltd., succeeded to the business of Meeking and Co., drapers, Holborn, and yet, with remarkable promptitude, the Post Office authorities discovered that a

FAMOUS DANCER DEAD.

La Tortajada Loved the "Serious English."

La Tortajada is reported dead. The fascinating woman who, by her sense-maddening dances, stirred London audiences to unequalled enthusiasm, was seized with a fatal apoplexy at the Klosterthor railway station in Hamburg on Thurs-

IN MEMORY OF ALLEYN'S SCHOOL BOYS.



This tablet is typical of many that will be placed in British schools to the memory of old scholars, whose example may stimulate the patriotism of those who succeed them at the desks. The memorial is by John Morgan and Sons, 40, Copthall Avenue. [A "Mirror" artist.]

SUCKING PIGS BROUGHT UP ON THE BOTTLE.



Professor Pupin, of Connecticut, is at present rearing five sucking pigs on the bottle. He adopted this device because the mother of the pigs displayed her love in the heathenish way of eating her offspring, and because these five sucking pigs have a long pedigree. [By a "Mirror" artist.]

class of the population, a fact which is due to the filthy condition of their dwellings.

Further trouble is threatened in Morocco by the Pretender, who is said to be again actively plotting against the Sultan.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein will open the Suffolk Cottage Regimental Homes for disabled soldiers at Bury St. Edmunds on April 12.

Mr. Walter Emden, Mayor of Westminster, and Judge Emden, were amongst the large gathering at the funeral of Mr. W. S. Emden, at St. Margaret's Bay, Dover, yesterday.

Some members of the New York Yacht Club are endeavouring to arrange a sweepstake race across the Atlantic between the famous American yachts Ingomar, Endymion, and Fleur de Lys.

In order to attract customers a tailor of Herisan, in the Canton of Appenzell, Switzerland, announces: "Purchasers of my patent trousers are insured against accidents for the sum of £40."

At the Labour demonstration held at Johannesburg a resolution was passed unanimously to the effect that the time had arrived when a demand should be made for a responsible Government.

It has been decided that on the approaching retirement, on attaining sixty-five years of age, of Mr. F. T. Marzials, C.B., the Accountant-Generalship of the Army will be abolished.

Several of the quaint cot covers woven by the wives and daughters of French Canadian farmers and now being exhibited at the Society of Artists, New Bond-street, have been purchased by the Princess of Wales.

RETURN OF R. G. KNOWLES.

That inimitable comedian, Mr. R. G. Knowles, has just returned from a tour in South Africa, and on Monday night opens at the Tivoli and the Oxford.

He promises a couple of new songs, "That's All—Ring Off," and "All the Girls Are Lovely," and also a short skit on Trafalgar-square, with special scenery.



R. G. KNOWLES

is the most entertaining story-teller on the stage. Owing to the rapidity of his performance one good point succeeds another so fast that it is a feat of dexterity to follow him all. An American once said that he went to hear him one night and returned the next to catch him up. [From photo by Hana.]

an order stating that foreigners will not be allowed to travel in the interior without the authorisation of the Sublime Porte.

letter posted at Swindon with the address "Messrs. Higgins, Orborn, The Big Elmdraper Manufactory" was intended for this firm.

BINS TO KEEP THE STREETS CLEAN.



A useful plan has been hit upon by the sanitary authorities for maintaining the cleanliness of London streets. To each scavenger's bin is now a receptacle, into which the public are requested to place any pieces of paper, orange peel, banana skins, and other such waste. Flying paper makes horses shy, and fruit skins are a danger to foot-passengers. [A "Mirror" artist.]

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,

"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"

2, Carmelite Street, London.

day as she was starting for Copenhagen. She died immediately.

La Senora Consuelo Tortajada, the famous Spanish singer and dancer, was recognised as the most beautiful woman in Spain. Hers was the most entrancing type of Andalusian beauty, which, with her splendid, lithesome figure, established her as a first favourite wherever she appeared.

She was born in Granada, where, and at Madrid, she got most of her training and education. Her girlhood she spent in a convent, and she got her first lessons in singing at the Conservatoire at Madrid.

La Tortajada had always danced. Her childish memories were of idle days by a summer sea, where she danced to the sun to the music of the waves. It was at Vienna she made her first public appearance before a music-hall audience. Then she studied singing at Barcelona and dancing at Seville.

In 1897, 1899, and 1902 La Tortajada drew full houses every night of her appearance at the Alhambra. While in London she lived quietly with her husband in Macclesfield-street, Shaftes-



MADAME MARIE ZHUKOFF

is the wife of the commander of the 30th Rifle Regiment at Port Arthur. During the bombardment a shell destroyed her house, but she removed the Russian flag in safety. Madame Zhukoff will be decorated for this act by the Emperor of Russia. [Drawn by a "Mirror" artist.]

bury-avenue. With her charity was a first principle. She had a wonderful, tender sympathy for suffering, and during the Cuban trouble organised and sang at concerts for the wounded Spanish soldiers.

No scandal ever attached to her name. She was not at the expense of her admirers "a bejewelled dancing queen," though she possessed many beautiful gems. Her dances were the real dances of Spain, her songs were the songs of her country, and it was said throughout Spain and South America that no one ever sang that sensuous Spanish love song "La Palma" like La Belle Tortajada.

Her most brilliant successes were scored in England, and she always retained a strong affection for her "serious English people." A portrait appears on Page 1.

HOW LONDON'S MILLIONS SPENT THEIR GOOD FRIDAY REST-DAY

HC Hosts Crossed the Channel and Went to the Seaside, but Fear of Bad Weather Kept Millions in Town.

The English weather has much to complain of. It did not yesterday, but still it was grumbled at. Every one heard, "If I'd known it was going to be like this I should have gone out of town, hark!" Small wonder the sunshine wanted as the day wore on.

But, in spite of this, there were millions of people abroad enjoying themselves in London yesterday. The majority of them did not turn out early in the morning. Looking at Thursday night's pouring rain, they had reviled the weather and decided to stop in town. Yesterday's burst of sunshine forced them out, and by mid-day the parks and open spaces, sodden with water as they were, were black with crowds of holiday-makers.

In the morning the places of worship on this the most solemn day in the Church's history were well attended. At St. Paul's Cathedral there were services, practically all through the day, from 2.30 to 11.30. From 3.15 to 4.30, and from 7 to 8, the church attracted an unusually large congregation. Westminster Abbey was crowded during similar services, and thousands went to other city and suburban churches. The City Temple, Christ Church, Westminster Bridge-road, and many other Nonconformist places of worship were equally well attended.

Strange Voices in Town.

Apart from the church and chapel goers, the City was almost wholly given over to provincial visitors, many of whom take advantage of the Easter holidays to see the sights of London. Yorkshire and Sussex, Norfolk and Gloucestershire dialects were all to be heard in town yesterday.

One of the sights that most attracted them was the "tomato can cricket," which made its first appearance this year. There was a great match between two sets of street urchins in Rosebery-avenue, and other minor games in various convenient places.

The grand afternoon concert at Queen's Hall, where a splendid musical feast was provided, was one of the features of London yesterday. In the Good Friday music from "Psalms" and the Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde," Mr. Wood's fine orchestra was heard at its best; while Mr. Frangon Davies's singing of Bach's grand cantata and four serious songs by Brahms roused the great audience to enthusiasm. The sacred concert in the evening attracted even a larger audience and was equally successful. Thousands listened with delight to the "Messiah" at the Royal Albert Hall in the evening.

Hundreds of thousands of Londoners braved the threatening weather and fled to the country for the Easter holidays. Reports from Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Hastings, Eastbourne, Brighton, Southsea, and Bournemouth, state that each town is crowded with visitors from the metropolis. Thousands of the richer and more adventurous spirits have gone farther afield. Londoners have overrun the Continent. Paris was yesterday an English City; and crowds of visitors lived in Tonbridge, Penzance, and the Scilly and Channel Islands, and streamed northwards, to Ireland and the Isle of Man.

QUAINT CUSTOMS AND OBSERVANCES.

Yesterday, as usual, many quaint customs and observances were to be seen in London, some of them survivals from old times, and others comparatively modern innovations.

At St. Bartholomew's, the famous old church in Smithfield, the annual distribution of sixpences was made to twenty-one old widows. During the times of the Reformation a charitable lady died, leaving a sum of money, the interest on which was to be annually distributed in this fashion. After matins yesterday, twenty-one poor old ladies hobbled up to the great flat gravestone in the churchyard, and, blessing their long-dead benefactress, gathered up their new sixpences, after which each of them was presented with a hot cross bun, half-a-crown, and a new hat.

In Leather-lane there was a picturesque scene. Joseph Higgins, a charitable chessmonger of the district, has for years past given a bun and an Easter egg to 500 children, and yesterday morning at ten o'clock his shop was besieged by an army of eager little ones.

The Widow's Bun.

A large crowd gathered at the Widow's Son public-house in Devons-road, Bow, to witness the annual addition of a hot cross bun to the sixty-five already hanging from the cross of the bar.

This year's bun, specially made by a local baker, bears the royal monogram "E.R.", and the date 1904, and it looked strangely new when added to the strings of blackened shriveled tokens of bygone years.

Good Friday is the costers' favourite day for taking to himself a wife, and yesterday hundreds of coster weddings were celebrated. At St. Matthew's and St. John's churches in Bethnal Green over two score couples were wedded amid the usual rejoicings. In Whitechapel and Mile End parish churches there were an equal number of ceremonies. In South London several well-known churches saw the uniting of many happy couples.

At Hampstead, Tottenham, and Enfield a curious custom exists—namely, that of searching for lovers. Names of those sought for were placed in furze bushes by the hiding party, and at a given signal the search party set out.

"The Way of the Cross" is a Good Friday custom that attracted a large crowd to the Wapping district. The procession, headed by an acolyte bearing a draped crucifix and accompanied by a band, started from St. Peter's Church, passing through the most dreary streets of the district. On the way "pitches" were made, and the Reverend Father gave a brief address from the travelling pulpit, which was wheeled after him.

AN EASTER BLOW BY THE GLAD SEA WAVES.



Trippers are having a breezy time at the south-coast holiday resorts. But the breeze is welcome so long as the rain keeps off. There is tonic in the blow. The high wind puts everybody into high spirits. ["Mirror" artist.]

LONDONERS AND HOLIDAY.

How to Enjoy Easter Without Leaving Town.

All Londoners left in town will be eagerly looking for a spot wherein to "spend a happy day" on Monday, and great preparations are being made for their entertainment.

As usual, a large programme has been arranged at the Crystal Palace. From ten o'clock in the morning until the last thing at night there will be no cessation in the round of amusements, both in the grounds and inside the building. There are to be three variety performances in the Centre Theatre, the chief feature of which will be a sensational dive by Edward Ransley, who finished a bicycle ride on a track suspended some 50ft. from the ground, plunges head foremost into a large tank. In the afternoon the Anerley Bicycle Club are holding a big athletic meeting, for which all the better-known riders have entered, while on the football ground adjoining a team of Frenchmen from Paris will try conclusions with the Croydon Football Club. At the military concert in the evening, visitors will have an opportunity of hearing, besides the band of H.M. Coldstream Guards, including the drums and fife, and the pipers of the Scots Guards, three cavalry combinations, in the First Dragoon Guards, 21st Lancers, and Mounted Artillery. The day is to be brought to a close by a display of fireworks by Messrs. C. T. The recent torpedo action and bombardment of Port Arthur are the subject of the great spectacle. The sinking of the two Russian warships and the havoc caused by the Japanese shells bursting in the town will be graphically treated.

At Wembley Park there will be variety entertainments going on during most of the day, amongst them being items by the Black Crow Minstrels, selections by three bands, and cinematograph exhibitions. The Finchley Harriers' sports will be held during the afternoon, and a coupon for a silver watch will be given to every 500th visitor.

At the renovated Rosherville Gardens three bands—that of the 2nd Battalion of the Northumberland

Fusiliers (the "Fighting Fifth"), the Rosherville Gardens orchestra, and Signor Scorn's Venetian Band—will play during the day. There will be a free café d'hôte, grounds brilliantly illuminated with fairy lamps and a floor for a thousand dancers, a variety of attractive side shows and a magnificent display of fireworks by J. Pain and Sons.

Madame Tussaud's has many novel attractions. Here is a portrait model of the late Duke of Cambridge, portraits of the prominent personages concerned in the Russo-Japanese war, including the Tsar of Russia and the Emperor of Japan, Admirals Togo and Alexieff. A Roumanian band will play during the day, and another band will perform from three to six in the tea-room.

All the theatres and music-halls are advertising special Bank Holiday programmes, and nearly all of them are giving matinee performances. At the Hippodrome there will be several new features. Sandow is returning to London after a long tour at home and abroad. His entertainment is quite new to London, and consists of various numbers, chief of which are "The Tomb of Hercules," and "A Chat on Modern Athletics." The Modern Hercules—a title by which Sandow is termed—gives also an exhibition illustrating the development of muscle. He introduces one of his pupils, who has undergone a process of training, and another who has not completed a course of physical culture, and lectures thereon. This is for the purpose of showing the superiority of the developed as compared with that of the undeveloped pupil. The most notable portion of Sandow's exhibition, however, is composed of feats of strength—lifting heavy weights, and tearing fifty-two, 104, and 150 ordinary playing cards, the latter to display finger strength. In his final feat, Sandow, whilst standing on hands and feet, holds on his body fourteen people, together with numerous heavy weights. Houdini, the famous Handcuff King, having proved such a public favourite, will be retained specially for Easter week.

Those old favourites, the Mohawk-Moore and Burgess Minstrels, are giving two special performances—one at three and the other at eight—in the St. James's Hall. The Palace Theatre, the Empire, the Tivoli, the London Pavilion, and the Alhambra are all introducing new turns. At the Canterbury Hackenschmidt is the chief attraction,

and at the Metropolitan Harry Randall will delight thousands.

"The Electric Man," by Charles Hannean, to be produced at the King's Theatre on Monday, is described as an irresponsible farce-comedy in three flashes. In addition to Mr. Harcourt Beatty, fresh from his Australian successes, who plays the name part, Mr. Mollahall has engaged Miss Joan Burnett, Miss May Saker, Miss Caroline Ewell, Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mr. George Trollope, and Mr. Norman Tharp. The farce will be preceded by a one-act play by a new author—or is it authoress?—Hope Merrick, entitled "The Odd Girl," in which Miss Burnett, who did such remarkable work in "The Wedding Guest" at the Garrick, has a part specially fitted to her.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

Time-honoured Jests Inappropriate to Good Friday.

According to some wisecracks the fooling that marks April 1 is in commemoration of Noah's sending of his dove on her first fruitless errand. Others have cast doubts upon this ingenious theory, but as yet no more satisfactory explanation of the origin of the custom has been forthcoming. And some things seem to confirm the theory. Certainly, most of the hoary old jests played on that day seem to date back to the time of the Ark.

Yesterday's being Good Friday somewhat handicapped the April fooler. It was impossible to send the ingenious youngster for three-pennyworth of pigeon's milk, or to see the lions washed at the Zoo. But in spite of this, and the waning of the passion for fooling that has marked recent years, there were many victims yesterday.

A policeman in Islington was badly caught by a cry of "thieves and murder," and returned to beat after a sharp run with the colour of root and the dignity of a Bumble, which was somewhat spoilt by the howling cabmen and the shrill cries of a knot of small boys who yelled at a distance.

LOVER'S REVENGE.

Rejected Suitor's Murderous
Attack on a Nursery
Governess.

Miss Florence Royle, a young woman of attractive appearance, for some time past nursery governess to a Streatham family, has been the victim of a murderous attack by a rejected lover. Fortunately, although she was seriously wounded, Miss Royle's doctor was able to say yesterday that she was practically out of danger.

As was her usual habit, Miss Royle on Thursday morning took the three young children of Mr. and Mrs. Covell, of High-street, Streatham, for a walk on Tooting Common. It was during this walk that she suddenly found herself confronted with a young man whom she met originally in Manchester, and had been engaged to. The engagement, however, was subsequently broken off, but her lover had followed when she came to London, and had persisted in continuing to thrust his attentions upon her. Mr. Covell appealed to the police on Miss Royle's behalf, and this appears to have incensed the distracted lover still further.

When Miss Royle encountered him on Thursday he carried a revolver in one hand and in the other a glass. Once more he began to press his suit, threatening suicide if he were refused.

Children in Danger.

Miss Royle was unable to get away from him since she had with her the three children, one of whom was in a perambulator.

Seeing her attempting to withdraw the man fired five shots at her in quick succession. Fearing a bullet would strike one of the children Miss Royle with great presence of mind sprang from beside them.

She had her back to her attacker at the moment and one shot struck her in the back of the neck, the bullet passing along the back of the head to the ear. Another bullet glanced off the forefinger of her left hand. Directly he had fired the shots the young man took to his heels.

The common was almost deserted at the time, but a doctor was driving along the road which flanks the common, heard the shots, and at once came to her assistance. Miss Royle, who had not lost consciousness, had her wounds dressed at his surgery, and was then driven home.

The man escaped, and has not yet been arrested, but the police have a full description of him. In his flight he dropped the glass, and subsequent investigations showed that it had held poison.

"A MAID FROM SCHOOL."

Miss Kitty Loftus's sprightly temperament and roughish ways had hardly the kind of chance they need in "A Maid from School," a homely little comedy, by Mr. Frank Stayton, that was produced at Terry's Theatre on Thursday. It tells of a young schoolmaster (Mr. Herbert Sleath) and one of his pupils, who got married surreptitiously and went to live in a "little back room in Bloomsbury." They lived there on very little bread and no cheese, but were so happy that not even the endeavours—and even falsehoods!—of the little lady's mother availed to part them for longer than the interval between the second and third acts. The piece needed unfortunately a sincerer touch than Miss Kitty Loftus, with all her abilities, was quite able to give, and even so it would not have been very much out of the ordinary as regards its sentiment; but for all that, there are some very bright lines in its some charming faces, and, one may add, some remarkably pretty dresses.

THE BALLET'S PREDICAMENT.

The new phase of the attack upon "stage-plays" in music-halls has resulted in summonses being granted against the directors of the Alhambra and Empire theatres for producing the ballets "Carmen" and "High Jinks" respectively. The summonses have been made returnable at Marlborough-street on Thursday, April 14.

They were granted by Mr. Plowden in response to the application of Mr. George Gray, who himself has been prosecuted on account of his sketch "The Fighting Parson," produced at various music-halls. This action by Mr. Gray, who represents the Sketch Artists' Protection Association, is admittedly a policy of retaliation. "Carmen," in respect of which the summons has been granted against the Alhambra, was withdrawn when notice of the impending prosecution was given to the management.

THE FIFTY
INTERESTING
PHOTOGRAPHS
IN THIS WEEK'S

"ILLUSTRATED MAIL"

INCLUDE

Diving for the Lost Submarine,
Cambridge Winning the Boat Race,
The Late Sir Edwin Arnold,
The Queen's 4th Dinner.

"ILLUSTRATED MAIL."

One Penny. Everywhere.

LOST LADY BOOK-KEEPER.

Disappeared Nine Days Ago Under
Strange Circumstances.

Nine days have elapsed since Florence Harris, a young girl of attractive appearance, disappeared from her home at 55, Goldney-road, Paddington, but no trace of her whereabouts or clue to her fate is forthcoming.

The particulars of the disappearance given by Mrs. Heeseman, the girl's aunt, to the Marylebone magistrate, have already been reported. While Mrs. Heeseman has been able to supplement this account in an interview with a *Mirror* representative she is still entirely at a loss to put forward any

FLORENCE HARRIS, THE MISSING BOOKKEEPER.



It is now ten days since this young lady left home to attend a shorthand class at a board school, Paddington. No trace of her has been found since.

(Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.)

satisfactory explanation for her niece having disappeared.

"Florrie, who was engaged as book-keeper at a laundry, was always a girl for home," she said, "and never stayed out, always coming straight back from her work at night."

"There was no young man in the case, as far as I have been able to find out. Florrie was nice-looking, but retiring and reserved. The night she disappeared her sister, who usually went with her to the shorthand class, was kept late at work, so Florrie went alone. She never appeared at the class, and no one has seen her since or heard of her."

Mrs. Heeseman went on to say that her niece had been much worried at the office by the extra work thrown upon her through the absence of another clerk.

"When she went out of the house," the aunt added, "Florrie cannot have been quite herself. She was most particular about her appearance; yet she left her gloves and jewellery behind that night. She had not even put the combs in her hair, nor was her waist-belt on."

Mrs. Heeseman's anxiety is increased by the knowledge that there has been insanity in the girl's family, but that her niece has committed suicide she thinks most improbable. "Florrie was too much of a coward to harm herself," she said.

CIGARETTE DANGER ATTACKED.

An anti-cigarette crusade is to be vigorously carried on by the School Boards. At a meeting of the Hornsey Education Committee it was decided that in future teachers are to give special lessons in the boys' department dealing with the evils of cigarette-smoking and alcohol drinking.

For this purpose Dr. Kerr, the medical officer, has in preparation a pamphlet dealing with the subject, pointing out in the strongest terms the disastrous consequences attendant upon the abuse of cigarettes and alcohol.

AN IMPORTANT BUTTON.

At the forthcoming Staffordshire Quarter Sessions a button will be submitted as evidence for the police. The defendant, Thomas Farrington, a miner, living at Great Witley, is alleged to have killed some sheep and a lamb belonging to a local farmer and innkeeper, a charge which he emphatically denies.

Near the spot where the animals were slaughtered the police found a trouser button with the words "Our own make" upon it. This was similar to those on Farrington's clothing, from which there was one missing. Accused, who asserts that he was not aware sheep were kept at the farm and never went there, has been admitted to bail pending the trial.

In acknowledging the receipt of the appeal for the reconstruction of S. Augustine's College, Canterbury, re-founded on its historic site in 1848, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton writes that in such efforts we have an abiding guarantee that Englishmen, amid the wealth, prosperity, and material greatness of the Empire, do not forget their mission of diffusing a higher spiritual civilisation.

PILLS GO UP IN PRICE.

Biliousness Threatens to Become More
Expensive.

Henceforward a box of pills lately to be had for a penny may cost the consumer more than double the money. This new era in the history of pills began yesterday.

Twelve months ago chemists were notified by the authorities, as a result of a judgment in the Court of Appeal, that a great change was coming upon them. They had been avoiding taxes on their preparations for various ailments by juggling with words. If a bottle was labelled "Mixture for Lumbago," and priced at a shilling, it bore 14d.

ALIEN SORTING OFF.

The Provisions of the
Exclusion Bill Now Given
in Detail.

The text of the Alien Immigration Bill, which is the outcome of long agitation against the steady flow into this country of undesirable aliens, is now being issued.

The clauses of the Bill are excellently adapted, if not to improve materially existing conditions, at least to prevent the evil from spreading. But aliens who are likely to make good citizens will find that the Bill presents no formidable bar to their settling in this country.

The principles of exclusion, registration, and deportation are included in the Bill, and special clauses are provided for dealing with aliens being "dumped" down in areas that are overcrowded.

It is provided that the Secretary of State, after consultation with the Privy Council and the Local Government Board, may make regulations insisting that masters of ships landing or embarking passengers at any port of the kingdom shall furnish returns and particulars of all aliens on board, and that aliens landing shall produce certificates and particulars of character and antecedents, means of identification, and proposed place of residence, and also notify any change of residence during the following two years.

Inspection before landing, the prevention of landing of "undesirables," and the keeping of registers and records is also provided for.

Not Wanted.

"Undesirables" are classed in the Bill as aliens who have within the preceding five years been convicted in any foreign country of any extraditable crime; women of loose character; persons living on the proceeds of such women; persons who are likely to become a charge on the rates; and those who have no visible means of support, or who are notoriously bad characters. Aliens, too, will be prevented from landing who are suffering from infectious diseases, who are mentally incapable, or who refuse to furnish the prescribed certificates and particulars.

It is satisfactory to find that the Bill is, to a certain degree, retrospective, inasmuch as it provides that aliens already in this country, unless residents for more than two years, may be deported if they are notoriously bad characters, have been convicted abroad within five years of an extraditable crime, or have within a year before the enforcement of the Act received such parochial relief as disqualified them for Parliamentary franchise.

Clause 3 of the Bill will have a salutary effect in weeding out criminal aliens, for it provides for the deportation, on leaving prison, on the order of a judge or magistrate, of any alien convicted and sentenced to imprisonment without the option of a fine.

Expenses of Deportation.

The expenses of deporting aliens may be paid by the Secretary of State, but they may be recovered from the alien or from the owner of the ship on which he was brought to this country.

By those who have studied the terrible conditions, criminal and insular, consequent on the unrestricted immigration of aliens, the Bill is cordially welcomed as going very far to relieve the evil. The Rector of Whitechapel, whose district suffers from the "undesirable" more than any other in London, expresses himself well satisfied with the provisions of the new Bill.

FRIED DOG-FISH.

In giving evidence before the Parliamentary Committee appointed to consider the Sea Fisheries Bill, Mr. Lovell, who claimed to represent 2,000

THE TIGER PROWL INTO MANCHURIA.



Though a native of hot countries, this tiger is thriving astonishingly well in the low temperature of Mukden, Manchuria. The fact recalls the proverb in Korea which runs: "The Koreans spend one-half the year hunting the tiger, and the tiger spends the other half hunting the Koreans."

(Drawn from a photo in the "Tatler.")

firmly anticipated by the public is that they will be called upon to pay the difference. The bilious man must have his pill, even at a premium.

H.M. wooden battleship Fore was discovered to be on fire in the Medway yesterday afternoon. The outbreak was extinguished by fire parties from other ships.

persons engaged in the fried fish trade in London, said it was increasingly difficult to get plate of a size sufficient to meet the demands of the trade, and, in consequence, turbot, brill, skate, megrims, and even dog-fish were used in the fried fish business, though the preference for plaice, such that all fried fish is sold under that designation.

HAYMARKET. TO-DAY, 3 and 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Presents at 2.30 and 5.30 by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
CLOSED during HOLY WEEK.
REOPENING EASTER MONDAY, at 8.15.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
Zakari MR. TREE
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EVERY EVENING and SATURDAY MATINEES.
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MILVY 8 at 8.15 and 8.30. Music by Howard Talbot.
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World's Champion Wrestler. LITTLE TIGER, Ada Curtis, Norman French, MEER'S, WILKINS, Howard and St. Clair. MARK MELROSE, Georges Jauchmann, BROS. KERRIE and others etc. Open 7.25. SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30. Manager—MR. ALBERT GILMER.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.
ADMISSION FREE. Daily from April 4 to 9 inclusive.

PERSONAL.

MOTON.—Tuesday suggested.—TRAFALGAR.
BOLON.—Letter G.P.O. your name.—SANDWICH.
HERNE RAY.—Peace at last; yet too quiet.—MAL.
ARTHUR.—Nothing. Day first. Write Lucie safely.—GLACE.

G. G.—Coming abroad. I might have written after previous. Communicate to me.

* * * The above advertisements which are accepted up to 7 p.m. for the next day's issue are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 12s. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 1s., and 12s. per word after.

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Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, Daily Illustrated Mirror.

The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.

WE TAKE A REST.

We are all playing to-day. The mice and the blackbeetles and the spiders are in charge of our offices while we are making the acquaintance of our families. We find it a welcome change to help little Jimmy to make mud pies, to dig in our garden, and plant seeds that will never come up, and to go out into the open air and take deep, long breaths of it.

The average Briton has an ingrained aversion to his office. Why? Is it that the office is such a dingy, dirty place? Is there any reason why a man should deliberately make the rooms in which he passes most of his waking life as hideous and impossible as he can?

There is really no reason why our offices should not be prettier and more cheerful. A yellow canary should trill its little lute in the sanctum of the solemn solicitor. There should be a gramophone playing "Hiawatha" in the waiting-room of the general practitioner. The Bank of England should establish a string band in some nook where its customers could hear it without falling over it. A few nigger minstrels scattered about the Stock Exchange would relieve the deadly monotony of that place.

We are much too dull in our work. The advent of women into business should have had the effect of beautifying insurance offices, but it hasn't. Occasionally one sees a little knitting in an office where women work, and now and then a flower, but women have done little or nothing to make life more worth the living in Fleet-street or Threadneedle-street.

Business would be more endurable if our wives would come down to the office every afternoon to tea, bringing a few young people with high spirits to improve the spirits of the bald-heads who have to stay in the City and drudge, and whose life is unreasonably gloomy.

There is no excuse for the City merchant not breaking into song every now and then



Nobody minds being "April fooled" within reason. But a practical joke involving £6,000,000, such as that played upon John Bull by the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Ritchie, falls rather outside the privileges of April 1. It makes matters no better that Mr. Austen Chamberlain must pay the piper for the tune Mr. Ritchie called.

when business gets dull. He might also dance a jig with his clerks, who have little enough merriment in their lives.

The only sound resembling music that the business man ever hears during his work is the hoarse whistling of the office boy, and that does not resemble music at all.

In a stockbroker's office in a musical comedy the clerks and the typists occasionally break out into a chorus. Why should they not do so in real life? The customer who is going to buy Kafirs might communicate the fact to the broker in a spirited duet. Business and the places in which it is done are much too gloomy. The settled melancholy which may be observed on the brow of the paterfamilias as he sits by the fireside in the evening and glares at the milk bills is due to the funeral surroundings amid which he has spent his day.

If he had a piano in his office, and if his typist sang to him now and then, his career would be much less sad.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

It was April Fool's Day yesterday and all the fools were joyous. It is not the only day in the year on which they are in evidence.

Conflicting reports arrive about the health of the Kaiser. The German official account is that there is nothing whatever the matter with him, but that it is, expected that his recovery will be rapid.

A Chiswick milkman was fined £3 for adulterating milk with prussic acid. His customers complained that the liquid was too strong to put into their coffee, and too weak to kill themselves with.

Doctors complain that last year there was not enough green fruit to make the small boy ill enough to send for them. They are eagerly inspecting the green apple trees to see what the prospects are of a busy spring.

A negro has announced his candidacy for the Presidency of the United States. The elevation of the negro continues in America, but it is chiefly done with the co-operation of a telegraph pole, a rope, and an indignant populace.

The War Office has given instructions to officers to propitiate the Press so that the Army may be "boomed." No battle will commence until the war correspondents have sharpened their pencils, and no fighting will take place that is too late for first editions.

Sofia, the headquarters of the Bulgarian and Macedonian revolutionaries, already boasts two rival committees, and a third is in course of formation, which is being formed by deserters from the other factions. The sympathy of the English Liberal Party with the Macedonian insurgents is now fully explained.

APRIL FOOL!

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

"RUBBISHY MUSIC."

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

I would point out to your correspondent "Mus. Doc." that to enjoy the music of "the great composers" one requires an acquired taste.

Many like myself have no knowledge of what "Schubert in C" may mean, and free past experiences it conveys to my mind an idea of some weird, uncanny air with an occasional startling outburst of orchestral thunder. I may be wrong—but probably am—but that is the impression a lover of pretty airs forms of the music of "the great composers."

A man who labels such a composition as "Hiawatha" as inane, brainless, and offensive is but a small musician, and certainly possesses no ear for real music.

W. A. F.

Norwich.

Your correspondent "Mus. Doc." is to be complimented on his remarks in your issue of March 30 about the inferior music played by hotel orchestras. Why have we so little good music, when every church contains an organ? These organs might well be used more frequently. But I suspect that only a few people really like good music, and some persons of fashion consider Sousa more edifying than Beethoven. Even the Sunday League must introduce Sousa into the program (sic), but how much of Sousa will be heard eighty years from now?

E. URWICK.

York Hotel, Ryde, I.W.

BANK HOLIDAYS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

Your correspondent "G. R. S." can scarcely have expected to find rest at holiday times at such a popular seaside resort as Brighton. If he wishes to be "far from the madding crowd," let him try Newquay, on the North Cornwall coast, where

Leisurely the opal murmuring sea
Breaks on its yellow sands.

S.W.

J. W. TICKEL.

Re Bank Holidays. I consider "G. R. S." of Brighton, the most utterly selfish man in existence. Why and for what reason he does not wish to take his holidays the same time as other people I cannot understand. If he had been, as most of London's great population have been, shut up in some great office or factory during the gloomy and wet days of last winter I think he would hail with delight the prospects of a Bank Holiday.

"G. R. S." says, let everyone fix his own time for a holiday. Well, why did he not fix his holiday so that it should not come anywhere near the Bank Holiday? Surely there are several months elapsing between each? Being a working man myself, I think I can speak with certainty of what London thinks of such a letter as "G. R. S." has sent to you. He says he is not a peevish man, but I am inclined to think he is.

G. R. K.

THE IMPORTATION OF DOGS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

The ingenious lady who writes complaining that she cannot go abroad because she may not bring her dogs back with her is probably suffering from a form of mania which is unfortunately very prevalent nowadays. Many women neglect their husbands and homes through a morbid affection for dogs which is unnatural, unhealthy, and (I almost fear to say it) unclean. The dog's proper place is the open country—failing that, the kennel. The craze for pet dogs is being carried to an almost immoral extent. The food given daily to an average pet dog would suffice for a Board school child.

M. P.

WASTEFUL BRITONS.

Ever since the commencement of the serious struggle which the British Empire had to face a few years ago in South Africa there has been a perpetual cry, on the part of members of all classes of society, that they are desperately poverty-stricken.

That a large amount of money went out of the country—and as yet has had no compensating return—is a fact. But the Boer war, and its effect upon the national finances, has really very little to do with the ethics of the matter. We are, as a nation, incredibly wasteful.

The perpetual security of the French people is mainly due to their realisation of the importance of little things. After the Franco-German war Europe was aghast at the toll exacted from the French by their Teutonic conquerors. Yet France paid this sum instantly without a murmur of complaint; the prosperity of the country was nowise affected by the terrible sum France was compelled, willy-nilly, to disburse. This was only possible because the French are essentially a thrifty nation.

The crux of the matter, so far as it concerns the British people, is that a very great majority of the populace live habitually beyond their income. Extravagance, even in the most trivial details of private life, has become sheer custom. The late Mr. Colman, who was a very shrewd industrial magnate, once said that his fortune was not made directly by the sale of his prepared mustard. "It is the mustard that people leave on their plates that makes my profit," he averred.

National Extravagance.

And he was right. We all leave too much mustard on our plates. From the War Office downwards to the lad in the street who throws away a half-finished cigarette extravagance is our national spirit. This is not a thing that can be disputed. In all the minor issues of life we are, as a nation, woefully careless. This state of things is bound to come to its inevitable end. To use a time-honoured "heavy" phrase, there will come a rude awakening. The books will have to be balanced—the debit will have eventually to be evened up with the credit.

Extravagance is the note of the age. Bayswater has abandoned its carefully reasoned out dinners in the family dwelling. Bayswater goes instead to the Berkeley. Or to any other of the big restaurants. This may save trouble, but it does not save money. In certain classes the public school methods of education, as they stand, undeniably lead boys to have a total lack of knowledge of the value of money. To this day, to hundreds of lads between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, money is the only negligible quantity. In the poorest families the waste of food stuffs is unaccountable; half a loaf is thrown out of the door because it is stale. Yet bread a day old is perfectly sound; any good housekeeper and cook could find many uses for it.

Have We Considered It?

By to-morrow we shall have passed through the solemn season of Lent. We are supposed to have had time to reflect upon our manifold follies. Probably we have not thought much about them. That is our misfortune. "Waste not, want not," is a true old proverb, but, like a few other proverbs, it has a great elementary truth in it. And if we waste as individuals we shall waste as a nation, as an Empire. The time comes when the piper has to be paid. In a fortnight's time Mr. Austen Chamberlain will have to pass through a severe ordeal. The forthcoming Budget will be a momentous one in our history. We shall have to face things; facts are frequently unpleasant. We shall be compelled to set our houses in order, and to see that our expenditure, national and personal, does not, always and studiously, exceed our income.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILL"

EASTER MODEL YACHTSMEN IN THEIR ELEMENT.



Though the air was not quite sultry on Good Friday, the children paddled none the less. Young blood is not thin. The above is a typical Easter picture of boys engrossed in their little craft, as tens of thousands will be throughout the holidays. [Photo for the "Mirror".]

ONE OF NEPTUNE'S GENTLEMEN.



There is no more handsome or more gallant lifeboatman around our shores than Mr. Edward Thomas, whose picture is here reproduced. His eye is blue as the sea he loves, and his beard is white as the foam. [Photo by Beaumont, Anglesy.]

CROSSMAN'S NAMELESS GRAVE.



Not even the commonest marks of respect have been paid to the memory of Crossman. Buried in unconsecrated ground in Willesden Cemetery, only the burial album will keep any record of the spot. His unhallowed grave has been covered in such a way as to obliterate all traces. ["Mirror" photo. From a]

NURSE SAMPSON'S FLOWER-STREWN GRAVE.



During yesterday many people visited the grave of Nurse Sampson, the poor victim whom Crossman buried in the shroud of cement in the tin box. Her grave was strewn with flowers, not only by friends, but also by sympathetic strangers, who bemoaned her terrible fate. ["Mirror" photo. From a]

WILL EVANS.



This merry favourite of the "halls," one of the most popular comedians of the day, inherited his genius. His father, now an old man of eighty, was a celebrated clown in his day. [Photo for the "Mirror".]

FLYING AT 150 MILES AN HOUR, LIKE AN EXPRESS BIRD.



This is not a flying shark, but a flying machine. The inventor is Mr. Hugh Basten, of Clapham Park. He has spent twenty years on his clever invention. Mr. Basten's flying machine is built on the natural plan of imitating a bird. It is driven by petrol, is thirty-six feet long, and is calculated to carry passengers at the rate of 150 miles an hour. [The "Mirror". Photo for]

ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES PER DAY.

EDNA AUG, WHO HAS BEEN CALLED THE EDNA MAY OF PARIS.



The French stage never suffers from any dearth of beautiful women. At present there is a remarkable galaxy of charming actresses in the Gay City, as evidenced by photographs we have recently reproduced. Mile. Edna Aug, whose picture adorns this page, is styled the Edna May of Paris, not only because of her Christian name, but also on account of many similar attractive accomplishments. Mile. Aug can be coy, demure, mischievous, vivacious, and irresistibly charming at will. But she cannot be plain, however hard she tries.

Photo by]

[Reullinger, Paris.

AT A MAN'S MERCY. By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones, Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.

MILES FARMLINE: A scoundrel who went through a mock marriage with Pauline. He was arrested on suspicion of murdering Drummond, escaped and was shot dead by Pauline's husband.

CYNTHIA GRISWOLD: Just a pretty, lovable, English girl.

PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Farmline.

SIR GEORGE GRAMHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.

JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.

ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham. Has disappeared.

FABIAN GRISWOLD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.

INSPECTOR WRIGHT: Detectives interested in the Drummond murder case.

CHAPTER XLII. On the Quicksands.

Pauline Woodruffe walked across the shaven lawn in the direction of the house with slow, flagging steps. She had just returned from her first visit to Paris since they had been at Auteuil. It had been a wretched day, wretched, that is to say, so far as Pauline was concerned, for Paris had been in her most bewitching mood, nature in her kindest, but when a woman is weighted by such a load as bore down Pauline's mind even Paris is not wretched enough to cheer her from her melancholy.

It was the third day since Fabian Griswold's visit. Three days of anguish, so keen and poignant that they had, to some extent, blunted the pain of her separation from her husband. Three days of indecision, three days in which the balance had quivered, in which she had weighed the eternal question whether she would be strong and face the consequences of her own wickedness—act, as it were, on the side of the angels—or whether, like a dishonest cashier in the bank of life, she would endeavour by further falsification to cover up the proof of her guilt.

Now the decision was made—she had thrown the lot irrevocably, and, walking slowly towards the house which held her husband and her child, she realised that by that decision, and the act to which it had led, she had cut herself off for ever from forgiveness of God or man.

She paused by the stone seat which ran the length of the terrace below it, sat, and, looking down, as she felt as though she could walk no longer. As she rested her hot cheek against the cool stone, and so lay with closed eyes, a deceptive feeling of rest stole over her, a very mirage of security, in which she prayed that for the years that remained to her she might regain and retain John Woodruffe's love, leaving till the future world her punishment or utter annihilation.

As she sat, wrapped up in her thoughts, John Woodruffe came out of the little wood at the end of the lawn and walked swiftly over the soft grass. He did not see Pauline till he was almost abreast of the seat, and for a second he paused.

She looked ill and tired; her cheeks had an unnatural brilliance and her lips were moving feverishly. He was conscious of an acute fear—was his treatment driving her to distraction?—had the separation weighed so sorely upon her mind also, as to undermine her health?

Then the ghost of a smile tilted the corners of his mouth; his eyes had taken in all the details of the magnificent dress, the absolute perfection of every accessory of her toilet. What woman whose mind was ill at ease, whose heart was pressed with grief, could have dressed like that? He moved on rapidly, laughing at his momentary lapse into what was akin to tenderness. So little did John Woodruffe understand the heart of a woman.

No telegraphic warning told Pauline of who had passed. Perhaps, had he stopped, spoken the kindly words which hovered on his lips, the whole current of her life might have been changed—the future forestalled.

Fabian Griswold had demanded his pound of flesh and got it. That afternoon, after he had played with Pauline's heart as a successful angler might play a wary trout, he had come very straight to the point.

What he required of her was the restoration of the emerald, that sounded preposterous enough; the means by which he proposed that it should be secured were outrageous, and for a long time Pauline, for all her fears, for all the miseries which surrounded her, had stood out against them.

Had the woman been in a normal frame of mind, with all her faculties clear and alert, instead of a broken-hearted woman, bound in on every side by an entrapping net, she might have wondered by what means Fabian Griswold arrived at his intimate knowledge of the affairs of people with whom, after all, he was but slightly acquainted. Instead, however, the feeling with which she regarded him was of a kind of hating awe, as an omniscient individual, who, now that Miles Farmline was dead, held her fate in his hands. Which was foolish in the extreme, of course, yet natural enough to a woman of Pauline's somewhat childish and superstitious nature—a nature, moreover, at this time in the throes of a great upheaval.

So when he proceeded to unfold his plan, the nicety of detail astounded her.

Briefly what he had proposed to her was this. The Law emerald was at the moment lying in the hands of Cynthia's bankers in London. So one of her Cynthia, or some person authorised by Cynthia, could remove it from their custody. Could Pauline, did she think, so work upon her sister as to persuade her to withdraw the emerald from the bank, and send for it to be brought to Auteuil?

Upon this point Pauline was absolutely definite. She could not persuade her sister to any such course; could not, in fact, so much as mention

the jewel to her. With a good deal of hysterical language she voiced her theory of the curse under which she believed the jewel to be laid, adding, in favour of it, the fact that Mr. Drummond had been murdered because of it, that it had brought her the most bitter misfortune, and that owing to it Farmline had come by his death at John Woodruffe's hands. To all of which ambiguous arguments Griswold made the same reply. "I am quite ready to take on all the curse, dear Mrs. Woodruffe. It will be a relief to my mind to think that such an uncanny thing has been removed from Miss Graham's possession."

But at this point Pauline had remained silent, and Griswold also, for a little time, then suddenly he had produced his plan, fully matured, armed cap-a-pie, like Minerva from the head of Jove.

Pauline was to act as the fully authorised person who would withdraw the emerald from the brooding care of Messrs. Elander and Elander, who sat hen-motherlike in their snug rooms above their world-famous vaults.

At first Pauline refused point blank. Apart from any ethical consideration, the risk was too great, she said. But Griswold, with a sophistry of which few of his acquaintances would have believed him capable, argued at length to show her how infinitesimal was the risk of such a proceeding compared with the certainty of exposure which would follow a refusal on her part to accommodate him.

And Pauline had capitulated with the question: "How?" After that Griswold, who could turn a woman's heart—a woman such as Pauline, that is to say—inside out like a glove, knew that the battle was won, yet was wise enough to parley with her. "How?" he had repeated. "Why, easily enough to a woman of your peevishness." And Pauline had understood. He meant that she was to forge Cynthia's name.

He was very precise, left nothing to the imagination, even produced a drafted letter, which showed the unhappy Pauline that the plan was to no mushroom growth, sprung up during their conversation. She wriggled mentally, like an eel, yet she could not escape. He held her ever to the point, summing his argument up succinctly—compliance or exposure.

It was not until he had wound her up to the very verge of hysteria, that hysteria which is capable even of self-destruction, that he held out his bribe to her again. "If you do this for me," he murmured, smoothly, "there are many ways in which I can help you. Come, confess now, would you not be glad of my help in some matter—this unfortunate rupture between your husband and yourself—it is not possible that I might help there? A lie or two," he shrugged his shoulders. "It is wonderful what weight the word of a millionaire carries! The world conceives that, having nothing to gain or lose, he may indulge in the luxury of speaking the truth."

The man's half-jeering words brought back to

Pauline's mind the events of the preceding day, called up a swift vision of the face of the man in the motor who had given his name as Bernard Westall. She snatched at Griswold's offer, conceiving that here perhaps was the answer to her prayers, that Griswold might be able to help her. Her hands upon the man who had ruined her life.

"What is it? I see the answer to my question in your eyes." Griswold had mocked her, but Pauline saw nothing of the mockery. In the distance she imagined salvation.

"Do you know anyone of the name of Westall?" she asked eagerly.

Griswold, as he screwed up his brow in calculation, scanned her face covertly. "Westall, Westall? No. Oh, yes, by Jove, I think I do—Bernard Westall, the great doctor chap in London for women and children. Is that the man you mean?"

"I don't know." In her heart Pauline wondered if there could be two men of that name. "The man, I mean, is very peculiar looking; his eyes are—"

"Odd? Yes, one blue, the other nondescript. Is that the fellow?"

And that was how Pauline ran her quarry to earth at last. That day at least Griswold had no further need to plead. With the unreserve of despair, Pauline had poured out her story to him, implored his help, and, beating with feeble hands upon the iron of his heart, had elicited from him the promise of a Roland for her Oliver.

"If you carry the thing through," he said, "no bungling, I'll do what I can to help you, honestly and fairly. Is it a bargain?"

And it had been a bargain, though it took Pauline three days to finally make up her mind, so hard does the sense of right die, even when attacked by an instinct of self-preservation.

To-day she had gone into Paris to submit the forgery to Griswold, earning his insulting compliments, and seen the lying letter actually posted.

Now, as she lay motionless and exhausted with the fatigue and excitement through which she had passed, she knew that already the train was flying towards the sea, bearing with it that fruit of her misplanned ingenuity, the creation of which was the final net cutting off for ever her last vestige of self-respect.

Now before her lay the most perilous part of her mission, the intercepting of the banker's reply. Of the success of the forgery she had no doubt, the receipt of the emerald in Paris was only a matter of time.

The arrival of a servant with a table for the preparation of tea roused Pauline to herself; she gathered up her sunshade and scarf wearily, and went into the house. She could not face her husband that afternoon. She had not the heart to go through with the daily face with her child and the nurse. Woodruffe, coming out to his after-

noon moment of purgatory, found only Matty Chatfield and John Erasmus. He waited till the tea-cakes were cold, then, glancing up at his wife's window, he saw that the blinds were tightly drawn.

CHAPTER XLII. Blood-guiltiness.

Pauline flung on a loose wrapper and went over to the window, drawing aside the blind. The window was open, and she stepped on to the little balcony, and, leaning on the iron rail, looked over the sleeping garden, drenched with dew. Night had gone slowly and reluctantly; to her the soft, grey darkness had seemed a pall, like the walls of that terrible French prison of iron, which closed gradually, slowly, imperceptibly, yet surely upon the victim till they seemed to close down like coffin at last. Several times she had half-dropped off to sleep, and had been awakened suddenly by this sense of oppression, but now the darkness was gone, and over the garden was stealing a tender green light like the sheen on an opal.

She threw up her head with the graceful motion of a bird after drinking; the action was natural, the instinctive gratitude of the animal world for the beauty of the morning, the excess of the soft air and the relief from the terrors of the night.

She stood there till the dawn broke in the east, and spread out covetously, as if to grasp over the transmuting the greenness of the light to gold. But though the twilight of the night was over, fear had not fled from her. Even now it, the soft beauty of the morning she found herself quivering with anticipation of an evil she could not define.

So far, with the facility which, as the superstitious think, the father of evil lends to the deeds of his children, everything had gone well with the plot which Fabian Griswold had hatched. The bankers had swallowed the bait, accepted the letter she had forged as a bona-fide instruction from Cynthia, and a few days later she had received a letter of advice that a special messenger was to deliver a bag—crossed by the night boat train, bearing the precious burden of the emerald. There, so far as she was concerned, the matter ended. Griswold had thanked her ironically, and told her that she might now leave everything to him; but when she pleaded for some information as to the course he intended to adopt, he had drawn a curtain in his refusal. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," he assured her. "You will be happier, my dear lady, if you know nothing—nothing."

But if he was unscrupulous, Griswold was not ungenerous. In matters where his own well served he served well, and he intimated to her that, the matter of the emerald finally brought to a successful conclusion, he was returning to London and discovering what he could regarding Bernard Westall and his antecedents. That was two days ago. This morning, all being well, a special messenger with the precious emerald should have arrived in Paris.

She sat there till the very beauty of the morning, the gradual bursting out of the sun, seemed to hypnotise her into drowsiness. She felt the need of rest, of sleep, of forgetfulness.

Going back into the bedroom, she turned on the tap in the little bathroom which adjoined it, and after a bath went back to bed again. In a few moments she was asleep, the deep, dreamless sleep of physical and mental exhaustion.

So Manette found her, with her white arms flung up above her beautiful face, her luxuriant hair streaming over the pillow and the thin, white gown which formed her only covering. The maid was horrified. She was genuinely attached to her mistress, and such rashness as lying thus lightly clad, exposed to the damp airs arising from the garden, seemed the height of insanity. Very deftly and quietly she drew the light silk coverlet over her mistress, but the movement, slight as it was, woke Pauline. She started up with a little cry, then, recollecting herself, smiled a good morning.

Manette brought her tea to the bedside, and the morning letters, but Pauline's head ached and she hardly cared to open them. They were all so uninteresting; she knew, so it seemed, their contents off by heart before she looked at them. Feather-headed gossip from one, a little ill-natured chatter from another, a réchauffé of the scandal which still hovered round their name in London, from a third—that was all that Pauline's letter-bag had brought her.

Still drowsy after she had drunk her tea, she lay back among the pillows, inert and dozing with thoughts which hovered vaguely between consciousness and dreams.

So the morning passed till about eleven o'clock. At eleven she was roused to instant consciousness by the sound of alternating voices outside her room. She fancied she heard Cynthia's raised a little more excitedly than usual, and, stung with swift fear, she struck the hand bell at her side sharply. The door burst open, not a moment too soon, and Manette, followed by Cynthia, entered the room. Pauline raised herself on her elbow.

"I feel shockingly lazy, Cynthia," she began, then stopped, for the girl's face was blanched. She made a gesture of curt dismissal to Manette, and Cynthia fell on her knees by the bed.

"Pauline," she said huskily, "a dreadful thing has happened—a most terrible thing." The woman bending over her trembled violently. What did Cynthia know or suspect? Not her at least, she felt certain of that, for it seemed that at that moment the barriers which had been erected between them for the last few weeks had broken down—that it was the old Cynthia, her child-sister, who clung so piteously to her hand.

"What is it, sweet?" she said, huskily.

"The emerald!" gasped Cynthia.

"The emerald?" Pauline repeated her words.

"The emerald! What of it? Is it lost?"

Cynthia's teeth chattered. Since the night of Oswald Drummond's death Pauline had never seen her sister so unstrung.

"Lost, yes—oh, I don't know what has happened exactly," she said. "There is another terrible mystery about this, too, but someone has forged my name, has stolen the emerald; but that is nothing, nothing, Pauline—there is another death added to its horrible roll."

To be continued on Monday.

"Irresistibly Delicious."

This is the popular verdict upon the most famous chocolate of the day, viz. :

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL

MILK - CHOCOLATE

Is the Holiday Sweet "par excellence."

For Cyclists and Pedestrians there is no more nourishing and sustaining form of chocolate. It does not create thirst, while its delicate flavour captivates young and old.

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INSIST ON HAVING

PETER'S.

CYNICISM AND MELODY.

"What is the Use of Loving a Girl?"

The moral and the melody of "What is the use of loving a girl if the girl don't love you?" have made it one of the most popular songs England has heard since "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." The song has run like wild-fire from Land's End to John o' Groat's, been whistled and sung by every-

WHAT IS THE USE OF LOVING A GIRL?

OR UNREQUITED LOVE



body and played by every piano-organ with the slightest pretensions to be called up to date. Though its lesson is for man, it has found equal favour with the ladies, and it is safe to say that not one "donah" on Hampstead Heath will sing it less than twenty times on Monday. Though Miss Mabel Love sang it with tremendous success, there are scores of other fair stage favourites who have done likewise. It was sung at forty-seven pantomimes this year, and has been a favourite number on nearly every music-hall stage in the kingdom. It is safe to say that it will be some time before England takes to another song with so much fervour as it has to the refrain which to-day we present to our readers.

CHORUS.

Marcia. 2nd time ff

What is the use of lov-ing a girl If the girl don't love you? What is the use of lov-ing a girl When you know she don't want yer to? What if she's fair be yond all com-pare? And

what if her eyes are blue? What is the use of lov-ing a girl if the girl don't love you? love you? you? After 1st and 2nd Verses. Last Verse. Fine.

Everybody is familiar with this pretty song, which has almost rivalled "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay" in its popularity. Soon after Miss Mabel Love started singing it, the melody captured London. Of all the ditties Miss Mabel Love has warbled to delighted audiences, the pretty actress says she still loves this one best of all. (Copyright by Francis, Day, and Hunter.)

CARNIVAL FOR LONDON.

The Suggested Battle of Flowers on the Embankment.

The scheme which is now being formulated for a battle of flowers on the Victoria Embankment—preferably for some charity—bids fair to have a happy consummation. June would seem to be the auspicious month—June, the month of all the roses. All Londoners know that a perfect day in June is quite frequent in our capital. Almost tropical conditions prevail, and the Victoria Embankment, which is one of the most picturesque promenades in the world, would be an admirable setting for a gay scene which might rival the similar pageants at Paris at M^c-Cartney, or at Nice during the holiday season.

A *Mirror* representative, on Thursday, interviewed a prominent organiser of charitable functions. This gentleman was of opinion that the scheme was an excellent one. "There are objections, of course," he said. "The climate and its uncertainty is one, and flowers are costly. But there is no reason why all apparent obstacles should not be overcome. If the weather helped us we should be certain of success. The idea is a charming one, and I shall do my best to further it."

PICTURES IN A BLUE-BOOK.

Sir G. T. Carter, Governor of the Bahama Islands, has amplified an otherwise interesting descriptive report on these islands by a series of photographs, illustrating typical scenes and objects in that Colony.

This is a welcome innovation in the publication of Blue-books, and will doubtless tend, as the Governor remarks, to a wider circulation of such documents, which are frequently mere masses of dry statistics.

Reference is made to the early history of the Bahamas since they were discovered in 1492 by Columbus, who found in them a peaceful race of Indians, and there is also an interesting description of the piratical hordes who infested the islands early in 1700, many of whose chiefs bore British names, one achieving certain notoriety as "the famous Edward Teach, better known as 'Black-beard,'" who was killed in an action with an expedition commanded by Lieutenant Maynard in 1717.

No fewer than 2,359 petitions have been presented to Parliament against any alteration of the law relating to the renewal of liquor licences. These petitions are signed by 33,843 persons.

PIPPINS PAY.

Fruit Season Promises Well for Doctors.

Every doctor who owns a garden was out in it yesterday, looking at the fruit trees, for the bright sun gave hopes of a better year's business for the medical man. The reason is not obvious at first sight, but, none the less, this year's supply of fruit will make a lot of difference to the year's takings of the profession.

Just at present the doctor is having an exceedingly bad time.

Last year was a very unprofitable one, partly because trade was bad and because there was very little fruit. There were very few green apples to torture the insides of small boys, nor were there over-ripe pears and plums to produce English cholera.

That is why the doctors are so attentively watching the fruit trees just now, as they jingle a bunch of keys in their otherwise empty pockets.

SNEEZING STOPS A SHOW.

At Radow, in Russian Poland, a lady took an effective revenge on the members of a dramatic club who had excluded her from a charity performance.

She sprinkled the floor with a powder, which caused such violent sneezing among the audience that the entertainment had to be abandoned.

JOURNALISTIC COLONELS.

Complimentary "Pars" from Peppery Correspondents.

Colonels will have a new role as newspaper correspondents under a memorandum which has just been issued by the Army Council.

The authorities express the opinion that in order to popularise the Army as much publicity as possible should be given to the promotions, successes, and honours gained by a soldier during his career with the colours.

Officers commanding regiments are therefore to consult as to the advisability of sending complimentary notices of military successes and distinctions to the editors of papers published in the district from which the soldier comes.

This projected scheme, by means of which a colonel becomes his own war or peace correspondent, is, in theory, very pleasant. How it will work out in practice is another matter. Colonels are proverbially peppery, and, as all readers of the daily papers are well aware, the military correspondent of a journal is always impartial.

A colonel with strong views about the dignity of the "service"—as he knew it when a subaltern—may not always fit in with modern ideas. But the idea seems, generally speaking, a good one.

While a six months old baby was lying in its cradle at Hartlepool, Austria, a cat crept into the room and bit off two joints of one of its fingers.

FLIES LIKE A BIRD.

New Aeroplane to Travel 150 Miles an Hour.

Hidden in a shed off the Clapham Park-road is a model flying machine, the result of twenty years' labour and experiment on the part of its inventor. As long ago as 1884 Mr. Hugh Basten came to the conclusion that the only satisfactory form of flying machine would be one furnished with wings capable of making all the movements of the wings of a bird. He has at last succeeded, and his model flies up an inclined plane that rises one inch in six. The inventor claims that this proves it would fly through the air if he were willing to risk the result of a life's labour in such an experiment.

He explained to a *Mirror* representative that he purposes constructing on precisely similar lines a full-sized flying machine. It will be 50ft. long, made of aluminium, and the wings are to be 36ft. in length. As in the case of the model, they will be made of closely-woven silk, stretched over a light framework of steel. In shape they will be copies of the wings of the bumblebee, which insect has apparently wings of ideal pattern.

The engine is to weigh a ton, and the machine, the inventor anticipates, will carry twenty people and their impedimenta through space at the rate of 150 miles an hour. The director, or brain, will be situated in its head, which will be furnished with a huge glass eye for purposes of observation.

Sir Hiram Maxim recently said that the ideal flying machine was one that would imitate the flight of a bird. Mr. Basten is positive he has invented the machine Sir Hiram has in his mind.

TREATISE ON A POSTCARD.

A record-breaker of a novel kind is Herr Max Kriese, of Charlottenburg, who has perpetrated on the reverse side of an ordinary postcard a literary effusion 3,000 words long. The masterpiece is executed in penmanship of absolute legibility, and took six hours to complete. The previous record was held by a postcard, now preserved in the Postal Museum in Berlin, on which 2,369 words were written.

KILLED BY RIDICULE.

A soldier of the German Grenadier Regiment, in Frankfurt, named Clemens Grotz, has committed suicide because his comrades constantly made fun of his nose, which had been disfigured by an accident. A letter to his mother explained that he could not stand the ridicule any longer.

BRIGHT READING FOR EASTER TIME.

Before you start your Easter Holiday secure a copy of the LONDON MAGAZINE. Unlucky people who can't get away at Easter will find the LONDON a consoling companion. It costs only 4d., but is decidedly worth 1/-

The LONDON MAGAZINE.

A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

EASTER EGGS.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

The days are past when, on Easter Day, the inhabitants of nursery-land were satisfied with gifts of hard-boiled eggs, tinted in various hues by a process of dyeing. The artist of the family occasionally soared to the heights of embellishing a few with mottoes or suitable greetings, but the majority of Easter eggs passed through their brief period of existence very simply adorned.

Nowadays, highly elaborate designs meet us at every turn, and the windows of our principal con-

Smooth, yellowish eggs irresistibly suggest the impassive Celestial countenance. When provided with a black plait, gay clothing, manufactured out of scraps of rich materials, and a suitable head-dress, a Chinese mandarin forms a unique and useful pin-cushion, as another picture proves.

A group of masked Llamas of Tibet, which appeared in an early number of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, make a fascinating trio of Easter eggs. Their faces are painted in truly barbaric style, horns ingeniously contrived out of gilded merrythoughts, are fixed on with tufts of hair, while their costumes glow with rich beaded and silken trimmings in gorgeous colourings. Legs are an unnecessary adjunct, as round cardboard boxes are invariably used as a foundation. Small dolls' arms



The above charming design, half negligee, half dress, might be carried out to advantage in blue nun's veiling with trimmings upon the shoulders and long cavalier cuffs of linen lace and an edging to the chemisette of black velvet, bows of which finish the corsage in front.

fectioners' shops display the most tempting objects imaginable, from the costliest of dinner-table decorations, down to humble hares, green frogs, and little fluffy chickens. Yet anyone with taste and ingenuity can fashion most amusing and quaint objects at home, with the aid of hard-boiled eggs.

Weird Eggs From Far Away.

The realistic Indian papoose, shown in one of the illustrations, is made of a turkey's egg, fastened into a round cardboard box, into which is fitted a bag containing the inevitable bon-bons. Saugly wrapped in an embroidered red blanket, and finally secured, by lacing, into a birch bark cradle, decorated with gaily-coloured tassels and wampum, the little Indian is a charming possession. The features are painted in water colours, and a scrap of black fur is glued on to represent hair. Quite a handsome ornament is the result.

are added. Those who have a leaning towards the weird and grotesque cannot fail to appreciate these mementoes of "The Land of Mystery."

After Uses of the Egg.

There are possibilities in a Dutch maiden, a Welshwoman, or an Indian squaw, carried out on these lines. Again, a pale green duck's egg can be transformed into a most captivating mermaid, with a comb and a glass in her hand, and a fancy basket on her back, to serve as a toilet tidy. In her case a tail, cut out of cardboard, covered with sea-green silk and painted with scales, should be substituted for the usual tubular box. Golden hair, a little seaweed, and a fringe of shells constitute her simple attire.

Large, empty egg-shells, carefully cut and trimmed, may be made into dainty cradles, carriages, and even into miniature automobiles, driven by the smartest little begoggled Easter chickens.

SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

London, of course, is quite deserted, and there is hardly a notability of any kind left in town. (The exodus began unusually early this Easter, for the death of the Duke of Cambridge stopped a good many entertainments that were to have taken place, and other people only waited until the King and Queen had gone before they took their departure.)

Royal Whereabouts.

All the Royal Family are more or less on the wing; almost the only exceptions being the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are at Frogmore, and Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, who have just taken up their residence at Aldershot, where the Princess is much enjoying her first real taste of military life. The Duchess of Connaught is abroad; and the Duchess of Albany is paying

visits to relations in Germany, and Princess Henry of Battenberg is so enjoying her Egyptian tour that she is prolonging it as long as possible. Princess Victoria is enjoying a yachting cruise off the south coast.

In the Emerald Isle.

Numbers of people have gone over to Ireland. Lord and Lady Londonderry are at Mount Stewart, where they have a large party with them. Lady Londonderry is never happier than when at her Irish home, for on the lake she is able to indulge in her favourite pastime of sailing, at which she is an adept. At Baron's Court the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn will have a family gathering; and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew is going shortly to join Lord and Lady Ormonde at Kilkenny Castle, where they are making great preparations for the royal visit.

By the way, Lady Ormonde is another lady who can sail a boat with skill, and is a regular attendant at Cowes during the race week. A member of the numerous Grosvenor family, she is the mother of Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, whom some people

GOOD THINGS FOR TO-MORROW.

EASTER CAKES.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of castor sugar, four raw yolks of eggs, two teaspoonfuls of grated lemon rind, four ounces of currants.

Beat the butter and sugar with a wooden spoon till they are well mixed, then beat in the yolks and lemon rind. Add the sieved flour lightly, and

lemon juice. Put the gelatine, water, and sugar into a clean saucepan, and stir it over the fire till the gelatine and sugar are melted. Strain this jelly into another basin and colour it rather a deep red with cochineal. Have ready a large quantity of shells, which have been emptied through a sieve; he's made at one end. Rinse them well in warm water, then fill them carefully with the jelly. Arrange them in a tin of salt or sand so that they are kept in an upright position until the jelly is set.

Coarsely chop some clear wine jelly and put it in a glass dish. Next carefully shell the eggs, and



These three funny little figures represent Llamas of Tibet disguised in a strange way. They make splendid and very uncommon Easter Eggs.

lastly the cleaned currants. If the mixture is too stiff, add a little milk. If it is too soft to roll out, put it in a cold place till it is firm. Then roll out a little of it at a time till it is barely a quarter of an inch thick. Cut it into rounds about four inches in diameter. Put these rounds on a greased baking-tin and bake them slowly till they are a delicate brown. Then either lift them off the tin carefully or leave them till they are cold.

you will have neat eggs of red and yellow jelly. Arrange these prettily in the chopped jelly and sprinkle over all some finely-shredded candied orange peel.



Here is a Japanese baby, whose mission in life is to form a topical Easter Egg.

If you make these cakes for presents give them in packets of six tied together with coloured ribbon.

A Dainty Sweet for the Easter Menu.

INGREDIENTS:—Three quarters of a pint of orange juice, quarter of a pint of hot water, one ounce of sheet gelatine, three ounces of loaf sugar, three orange rinds, the juice of one lemon.

Rub the lumps of sugar on the oranges to extract the oil and flavour from the rinds. Strain and press the pulp from the oranges, and add to it the



In order to make this astonishing Indian infant consult the lotterpress entitled "Easter Eggs."

fancy the ceremony took place in Westminster Abbey. Both the young brides were married in full evening dress, a custom usually only observed by royalty.

The Newest Engagement.

An engagement which has come rather as a surprise to some people is that of Lady Mary Brabazon, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Meath, to Mr. Harold Holt, the only son of the late Mr. J. Holt, of Ogburne Hall, in Devonshire.

Lady Mary Brabazon, who, by the way, is called May, is not very well known in London society, as she is not fond of going out and is seldom seen at balls. She has inherited a great deal of the philanthropic nature of her father, who is one of the kindest-hearted and most generous of men. Greatly interested in the question of the housing of the working classes, he has given much substantial help to his own tenants in Ireland, and was the originator of the Brabazon House Settlement near Victoria Station, where girls of gentle birth can live and have a comfortable home for a very small sum weekly.

consider the most beautiful woman of the present day.

Lord Dunraven, the famous yachtsman, has returned to his Irish seat, Ashurst Manor, from Pau; Lord and Lady Rosse are at Birr Castle; and Lord and Lady Droghda at Moore Abbey. There are parties, too, staying at Palmerston with Lord and Lady Mayo; at St. Ann's, Clontarf, with Lord and Lady Ardilaun; and at Pakenham Hall, in County Westmeath, with Lord and Lady Longford.

The Home-coming of a Marchioness.

Bowood, where Lord and Lady Lansdowne are spending Easter, now that the latter's mother, the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, is so much better, is a very charming place in Wiltshire. It was at Bowood that Lord and Lady Lansdowne went to spend their honeymoon, now some thirty-five years ago. In the entrance hall stand a great many statues and busts, and one day the young bride dressed all these up in hats and coats, with the most amusing results.

Lady Lansdowne and her sister, Lady Blandford, were both married on the same day, and I

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

The DISGUISED BRIDE.

"Your last day? Dear, dear! Must you go to-day, Gerald?" said Mrs. Teale, looking across the breakfast-table at her son with affectionate concern.

"Couldn't you have got off for another week?" said the father, breaking his hot roll carefully.

"Now that you're a partner, though—"

"Now, that I'm a partner, it's hard work getting off," responded Gerald Teale. "It was all I could do, in fact."

He paused suddenly.

"What was all you could do?" inquired May.

"Well, said Gerald, laying down his knife and fork with a beaming smile, "aere goes! Here's the news I've been saving up for you till the last, from a natural modesty. It was all I could do to get things arranged so that I could go on my wedding trip a month hence. I am going to be married."

May's spoon fell into her saucer with a clatter, and Mr. Teale dropped his roll hastily.

"Married!" said Maud, breathlessly.

Mrs. Teale alone remained calm.

She rolled up her napkin and put it in its ring, and looked at her son through her gold-rimmed glasses comaciously.

"She felt, however, that it was an important crisis."

When Gerald—their only son—had, with commendable independence, left his pleasant home to "get a start" in a neighbouring town they had all expected great things for him.

He would be rapidly successful; he would distinguish himself in the profession he had chosen, and amass a fortune; and he would win and win some sweet young girl, with a long line of ancestors—the Teales, being themselves a good old family, were great respecters of blue blood—a host of accomplishments, and a heavy dowry.

Their hopes had seemed likely to be fulfilled. Gerald had proved himself possessed of remarkable business qualities; he had risen quickly, and had recently exceeded their wishes by being made a junior partner of the firm.

All that now remained to be desired was his safe conquest of the beautiful and aristocratic young person of their dreams, with her many talents and her substantial inheritance.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the girls were trembling with eagerness, that Mr. Teale fumbled with his watch-chain in nervous suspense, and that Mrs. Teale opened her lips twice before she found strength to propound that all-important question:

"Who is she?"

"She is a Miss Laura Fenton, at present," said Gerald smilingly.

"Fenton!" Mrs. Teale repeated, and raised her brows inquiringly. "I don't think I have heard of the family."

"Not at all likely," Gerald rejoined. "They are quiet people."

"Fenton!" Mrs. Teale repeated musingly.

"No; I have not heard of them. Where do they live?"

"In Weyman-street," responded Gerald.

Mrs. Teale fell back in her chair with a little gasp; her husband turned a disconcerted face upon his son, and May and Maud gave little screams.

Weyman-street! It was miles from the regions of aristocracy; it was peopled with working girls, seamstresses, and with small shopkeepers; with street-vendors and old apple-women, for all the Teales knew.

"Not Weyman-street, Gerald?" said his father appealingly.

"Certainly—Weyman-street," Gerald repeated.

"But she is not—she cannot be of good family, living in Weyman-street?" said Mrs. Teale anxiously.

"The family is quite respectable," her son responded quietly. "Laura's mother is a widow. She works for a haberdashery, and Laura has been assistant book-keeper in our establishment, that is how I met her."

Mrs. Teale groaned.

"A book-keeper—a seamstress!" she ejaculated.

"Oh, Gerald, you could not have done worse!"

"A penniless girl!" said his father solemnly; "and after all we have hoped for you! No, it couldn't be worse."

"A common working girl," said May, in a choking voice; "and everybody will know it! Oh, Gerald, it couldn't be worse."

The young man looked from one to another in astonished, hurt, and half-contemptuous silence.

Maud turned to him, with a gentle sympathy mingling with the dismay in her face.

"Perhaps," she said hopefully, "perhaps there is something to make up? Perhaps she is a wonderful beauty, or a great genius, or something?"

Gerald gave her a grateful smile.

"I think her pretty, of course," he said. "But I suppose that's because I'm fond of her. I don't think she would be called a beauty. And as for genius—she's very clever at accounts, but she doesn't sing, or paint, or anything of that sort. She's never had the time nor money for such things, poor girl!"

But Maud had turned away with an impatient gesture.

"There is nothing, then," she said despairingly; "no, it couldn't be worse."

Gerald rose from his seat with an energy which set all the cookery on the table tingling.

"This is absurd," he said despairingly. "It is more than absurd; it is unjust and narrow-minded. How sensible—presumably sensible people," Gerald corrected, rather bitterly, "can say, in regard to a person they have never seen, that 'it couldn't be worse' is just my comprehension."

"We will not talk of it," said Mrs. Teale, holding up a restraining hand. "Discussion will not mend matters. And you are to be married next month?"

"On the ninth," Gerald rejoined. "Of course you will all be there?" he said dubiously.

"By no means," said his father shortly.

"You could hardly expect it," said Mrs. Teale reproachfully.

"Very well; 'if Mohammed won't come—' you've heard the observation. We shall pay you a visit immediately on our return from our wedding tour, with your kind permission. You must know Laura."

II.

When he left the house an hour later he had the required permission.

His mother and the girls had even kissed him good-bye in an injured and reproachful way, and his father had shaken hands coolly.

But his ears still rang with that odious assertion "it couldn't be worse!" and he was thoughtful all the way back to the city.

The Teales were in a state of subdued excitement.

Gerald's wedding tour was completed, and they had received a telegram that afternoon to the effect that he would arrive that evening with his wife.

The dining-room table was set for dinner, and Mrs. Teale wandered from one end to the other nervously.

Her husband sat under the chandelier with his paper, but he was not reading it; May and Maud fluttered about uneasily, watching through the window for the return of the carriage from the station.

"I hope," said Maud, with a nervous attempt at cheerfulness, "that she will be barely decent presentable. Think of the people who will call! I hope she won't be worse than we're prepared to see her."

"She couldn't be," said Mrs. Teale dismally.

There was a roll of wheels, and the twinkle of the carriage lamp at the door, and the bell rang sharply.

May and Maud clasped hands in sympathetic agitation; Mr. Teale dropped his paper and rose; and Mrs. Teale advanced towards the hall door with dignity.

wards he landed another, but smaller, trout, which was also unjured, and as promptly returned. To his amazement, a third also took his bait, and succeeded in breaking away, and yet we are told that trout-fishing in the Lea is not worth attempting!

Mr. Ashmore has for many years been on the executive committees of the Anglers' Association and the Anglers' Benevolent Society. Whilst a member of the Third Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, of which he was

III.

It opened wide before she could reach it, and Gerald entered, his face suffused with genial, blissful smiles.

"This is my wife," he said proudly; "my mother, Laura; my father, my sisters May and Maud."

And with a caressing touch he took by the hand, and led forward among them—

What?

She stared at the apparition with starting eyes; Mrs. Teale dropped the hand she had started to hold up, with her face growing ashy, and May and Maud gasped.

For what they saw was a woman of apparently forty years, with a face powdered and painted in the most unblushing manner, with thin grey hair crimped over a wrinkled forehead in a sickening affectionate youthfulness, and with a diminutive gaily-trimmed bonnet perched thereon, with an affected, mincing gait, and a smirking smile.

"This is my wife," Gerald repeated; "have you no welcome for her?"

"Mebbe they think I ain't good enough for 'em, dear?" she observed pettily.

"Impossible, my pet," Gerald responded, and patted her cheek affectionately. "Besides, if you were but a shadow—a caricature of your own beautiful self—they would not have been surprised. They were prepared for the worst."

He looked at his horrified relatives meaningly.

The truth of his words flashed over them.

Yes, they had all said repeatedly that "it couldn't be worse." But this wretched, wrinkled, bedizen creature—had they dreamed of this?

Gerald watched them with an undisturbed smile—his father turning away at last and rubbing

his forehead with his handkerchief weakly, Mrs. Teale gazing at her daughter-in-law with a dreadful fascination, and the girls sinking into chairs in dismayed silence.

"Well, mother," said Gerald lightly, "of course a new addition to the family is an object of interest, but don't forget that I have an appetite, and getting married has rather improved it. Take off your bonnet, my own. Here, May."

May came forward with a set face and tightly closed lips to receive the marvellous combination of beads and silk flowers held out to her with a disgusting air of sprightliness. She was afraid to trust herself to speak.

Poor Mrs. Teale, sick at heart, had made her way to the bell and rang it, and dinner came down presently.

"Turtle soup!" the bride observed, looking round the table with a girlish smile; "there's nothing I admire so! Just pass the celery, father-in-law. Delicious! I ain't it, darling?"

"Extremely, my dear," said the bridegroom complacently.

Ignorant and vulgar! What dreadful thing would they discover next?

"This is my wife," he said proudly.

It was an evening they never forgot. The unfortunate parents sat with pale faces and unsteady hands, staring into their empty plates, or looking at each other with fresh horror at each smirking, senseless, ungrammatical remark of their terrible daughter-in-law.

May and Maud excused themselves during the second course, and flew to their rooms to cry themselves to sleep, in an agony of dismay and mortification.

When the parents were left alone Mrs. Teale wrung her hands despairingly.

"We said it could not be worse," she said faintly. "But this! How shall we endure it?"

"I shall not endure it!" said her husband, whose face had grown almost careworn during the last two hours. "I shall send them packing to-morrow; and if ever he enters my house again—"

He brought his hand down threateningly on the table.

"But that will not help matters," said his wife miserably. "He is ruined; we are disgraced; and everybody will know it."

There was a silence.

"I had pictured her to myself," said Mrs. Teale, beginning to sob, "as a young girl—a person of sensible age for my poor misbegotten boy, decently educated, and at least a lady. And even then, when I did not doubt that it was such a one he had chosen, I thought myself the most unhappy creature in the world, because—because she had not wealth and an old name. Surely it is a judgment upon us. Oh, was there ever so dreadful a thing?"

"Probably not," said her husband grimly.

IV.

It was a solemn group which waited in the dining-room next morning for the appearance of the newly-wedded couple.

Mr. Teale stood in front of the fireplace, watching the door with a stern face. He was master in his own house at least, and he was determined that it should not be disgraced by his son's wife for another hour.

"Please get them away before anyone comes, paps," said May. "It would be dreadful if anybody were to see her."

"Dreadful!" Maud echoed with a groan.

There were footsteps on the stairs.

Mrs. Teale turned with a shiver, and the girls caught their breath.

The door opened.

The waiting group looked up slowly. Would she not be still more terrible in the broad daylight—that artificial, smirking horror?

But it was not the sight they were prepared to see which the open door disclosed; it was not a potted, powdered semblance of a woman who came in slowly, with a timid smile and downcast eyes.

It was a slender, sweet-faced young girl, with shining brown hair crowning a charming head, peachy cheeks, in which the colour came and went, and soft dark eyes, which studied the carpet in pretty timidity.

"Good morning," she said gently.

Gerald followed her closely.

"Well, Laura," he said, looking from one to another of his speechless relatives quizzically, "they don't seem inclined to speak to you?"

But Maud had come towards her hastily, and seized both her soft hands in her own.

"Was it you all the time?" she cried joyfully.

"And the grey hair was false, and the wrinkles were put on, and all that dreadful powder? Oh, Gerald, how could you do it?"

"I begged of him not to," said the pretty bride, raising her dark eyes sweetly. "I told him it was cruel; and such a time as I had, saying all those shocking things he had taught me, and keeping my wig straight, and trying not to laugh! Shall you ever forgive us?"

"Forgive you? Oh, my dear girl," cried Mrs. Teale incoherently.

And she hurried forward with a sob of joy, and embraced her daughter-in-law wildly.

"It was rather rough," said Gerald gaily. "I felt like a villain when I saw the way you all took it. But you know what you said, every one of you—that it 'couldn't be worse.' I thought I'd just demonstrate to you that it could. Laura is nineteen instead of forty; she can speak correctly when she makes an effort; and I can heartily recommend her for a willing and obliging, good-tempered, and thoroughly capable girl—the sweetest in the world, in fact."

Mr. Teale left the fireplace and came and clasped his daughter-in-law in his arms, and May kissed her effusively.

"It was a dreadful lesson," said Mrs. Teale, looking up with a tearful smile; "but I think we needed it, Gerald."

ANGLING NOTES.

A Big Thames Trout Located at Teddington Lock.

So far as the London angler is concerned, there is really no time in the year in which it is impossible for him to go fishing. Although coarse fishing closed on the Thames on March 14, the Lea remained open until the 31st. Then, with Good Friday, came the opening of the Thames for trout-fishing. This is a wearisome business perhaps, but the capture of one specimen Thames trout is worth a score of fruitless journeys.

According to authorities, the Thames, on an average, yields each season over four hundred fish of length at least year between Hampton Court and Pangbourne very poor sport was met with, owing to the frequent flooding, but the year before seventy-five fish were taken to bank. As these fish averaged between four and five pounds each, the pleasure of securing a Thames trout outweighs all considerations of expense and trouble.

Try the Weirs.

The best spots in the Thames are the weirs, and for weeks before the season opens anglers may be found at all the well-known haunts trying to "spot" a likely fish.

Mr. P. H. Amphlett, in an interesting article in to-day's "Fishing Gazette," says that a fine trout, estimated at 16lb., has been seen in the neighbourhood of Teddington Lock. He mentions several other places on the Thames in which fish have been marked down.

A good deal of conjecture has arisen from time to time as to the whereabouts of the large numbers of rainbow trout which have been placed in the Thames. What becomes of them it is impossible to say. They are fast growers, and some of the fish which have been placed in the water must have reached a large size ere now if they have remained. Certain it is that rarely or never is a rainbow trout captured, and although a few small ones have been taken even in the last few weeks, anglers are still awaiting the tidings of a "grand-father" of this handsome species.

Mr. Charles Ashmore, the angler who landed a couple of trout last Sunday in the Lea, whilst fishing in the Anglers' Benevolent Society's competition, had an exciting time. He was trying to catch a dace, and first of all landed a trout that he mistook for a dace on a light line. It gave him capital sport, and was carefully returned to the river uninjured. A short time after-

A TYPICAL THAMES TROUT.



This handsome fish was landed at Henley by Mr. A. E. Hobbs. It is just about a good average weight. It pulled down the beam at 5lb. 9ozs.

[Drawn from a photo for the "Mirror."]

porter obtained first intimation of the "Spurs" great win, and Mr. Ashmore's game cock was immediately hoisted to the top of the flagstaff amidst tremendous cheering.

Fish Forward.

Not too soon has the Lea closed to roach anglers. There has been a remarkably open winter, and fish are very forward. It is stated that the dace in the Thames have almost completed their spawning, and it is within a few days now roach will be quite ready to take. In a basket which included a few nice fish at the Crown water at Brookbourne on Tuesday, the writer had two or three pound fish which were very heavy indeed in spawn.

The last few days in the Lea were marked by the high winds, and of the 300 competitors who took part in the adjourned Anglers' Benevolent competition, only 25 of them were able to weigh in and claim prizes. Thus two prizes are left over for next year's competition.

The Crystal Palace Sports Exhibition will be rendered extremely interesting to anglers. Not only will there be a fine show of all kinds of fishing tackle, but special parts of the Palace will be set aside for an exhibition of dried fish. Private individuals, anglers' clubs, are asked to send in representative cases to this exhibition.

It would be really interesting if the big roach of 5lb. 6oz. which was mentioned last week, could be sent to this display. In conversation with a gentleman the other day, who actually saw the fish, the writer was led to believe that it is not a true roach.

His informant stated that whilst it is undoubtedly more a roach than anything else, it appeared to him to have the carp head and carp tail. This is a subject of such deep interest to anglers, as it is probably the biggest roach ever recorded, that it would be well to have a really expert expression on the subject.

Lord Sheffield has inaugurated his presidency of the Sussex County Club by contributing a cheque for £100 towards clearing the debt of the club, which is in a very bad financial state. A bazaar is to be opened next week, with the view to removing the debt, which now amounts to over £200.

The International Lawn Tennis Tournament was concluded at Cannes yesterday. The prizes were distributed by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Princess Alexandra of Cumberland. The winners were as follows:—Hotel Metropole Cup, Mr. M. J. Giffard; Gentlemen's Singles (handicap), Mr. Ogier; Ladies' Singles (handicap), Miss Kenrick; Gentlemen's Doubles (handicap), Mr. G. and Mr. A. von Dell; Ladies' Doubles (handicap), Miss Chiff and Miss Hinchon; Mixed Doubles (handicap), Mr. E. Gwynne Evans and Miss Kenrick.—Reuter.

Houses and Properties.
